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♦♦♦

"I once wrote on a blackboard," says a Philadelphia teacher, "these words: 'The toast was drank in silence,' and then asked my class, 'Can anyone tell me what the mistake in this sentence is?' The pupils pondered. Then a little girl held up her hand and at a nod from me went to the board and wrote the following correction: 'The toast was ate in silence.'"

♦♦♦

Little Benny was looking at a picture of Elijah going to heaven in a chariot of fire. Pointing to the halo about the prophet's head, Benny exclaimed: "See, mamma, he's carrying an extra tire."

♦♦♦

He was a nervous young man at a tea. The company was nearly all new to him, which added to his natural shyness, but at his table not a face did he know. "Have you ever noticed," he began at last, in a desperate attempt to make conversation, "that—er—bachelors, as a rule, are—er—much richer than married men?" "Yes," replied the masculine-looking lady, wearing the col-

ors of the militants; "I have." "Ah! And—er—how do you account for it?" "Very simply. Poor men marry, and rich men don't. Men are always readier to divide nothing with a woman than something."

♦♦♦

The reform warden always made it a point to give each new arrival a chance to do the work with which he was familiar, if the penitentiary dealt in his line. A tailor named Levinski arrived, and it was ordered that he be employed at that trade, if there was an opening. There wasn't. He was asked if he was adept at anything else. "Yes," he replied, with a smile, "I am a crackerjack traveling salesman."

♦♦♦

A Jersey woman was at the employment bureau seeking the services of a general maid. "Have you," she asked the girl, "had any experience in taking care of children?" "No, ma'am," replied the girl, frankly. "You see, I've only worked for the best families."—Puck.

♦♦♦


An English militant crusader strolled into a barn where a young man was milking a cow. With a snort she asked: "How is it that you are not at the front, young man?" "Because, ma'am," answered the milker, "there ain't no milk at that end."—Boston Transcript.

♦♦♦

"Henry, how much did you give that girl in the cloakroom?" "Only a dime, my dear." "I don't believe it. I've never seen one of those odious crea-

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tures smile the way she did for less than a quarter."—Brooklyn Eagle.

♦♦♦

He—Do you think your father would consent to my marrying you?  
She—He might. Father's so eccentric.  
—Sydney Bulletin.



# REEDY'S MIRROR

Vol. XXVI. No. 32

ST. LOUIS, FRIDAY, AUGUST 10, 1917

PRICE TEN CENTS

## REEDY'S MIRROR

SYNDICATE TRUST BUILDING.

Telephones: Bell, Main 2147; Kinloch, Central 745.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," Reedy's Mirror.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

Terms of subscription to Reedy's Mirror, including postage in the United States and Mexico, \$3.00 per year; \$1.60 for six months; in Canada, Central and South America, \$3.50 per year; \$2.10 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries, \$4.00 per year.

Single copies, 10 cents.

Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order or Registered Letter, payable to Reedy's Mirror, St. Louis.

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**WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor**

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## Speeding Up

By W. M. R.

**D**ESPITE the opposition of Senator Reed of Missouri, the food control bill will become a law on Saturday. As soon thereafter as possible we shall have prices fixed not alone for government purchasers but for the individual consumer. The Entente allies will purchase goods at the same price as this government. In two weeks, as at present calculated, the revenue bill will be passed. The levy will be heavy upon excess profits, and excess profits will be kept down by price fixing, from all of which it will be seen that the prosecution of the war is gathering speed, and thoroughness. It may be taken for granted that there will not be any action by the President in response to the demands of the pacifists that he formulate explicitly this country's terms of peace. He does not think the time for that has come. Nor will there be any action in congress looking towards peace advances. Senator Stone of Missouri is not going to make peace proposals in his forthcoming remarks on some resolutions of the American union against militarism. The only force that can do anything for peace now, according to Senator Stone, is President Wilson. It would not surprise some people if the senator's forthcoming remarks should condemn peace proposals at this time. No one about Washington believes that Germany will be ready for peace until she has tried out her new government in at least one grand smash at her enemies. The pacifists and intellectuals are not getting any comfort at the capitol. Some of them reckon Senator Reed of Missouri as with them because he opposed conscription and fought the food bill. As a matter of fact, Reed voted for all the other bills appropriating money and granting powers to the President to carry on the war. Reed's fight on Hoover is not for pacifism but against possible British as distinct from American food control. If the press had printed his speeches instead of damning them in perverted and mutilated condensations, he would have won much popular support and probably the vote of many senators who applauded him privately but opposed him publicly.

WASHINGTON, August 8.

♦♦♦♦

## Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

*Some Metropolitan Phases*

**N**EW YORK is not so efficient. In two terrifically hot days last week about seven hundred horses died in the streets and for three days they were not removed. The carcasses, bloated and misshapen, confronted the eyes of the public and threatened to affront their noses. The newspapers said little about it. The newspapers say very little about anything just now that might

be discreditable to the Mitchel administration. There is a "drive" for Mitchel's re-election. It is a sort of war measure. Mitchel put the big city in a state of preparedness and was a leader in the propaganda of the National Security League. He shone resplendently at all the receptions to the English and French and Russian and other delegations. He has been a kind of "war-mayor." That is good politics just now, and I don't mean to say that the war note is emphasized because of a lack of other material.

Hearst insists that Mitchel wants to give to the New York Central absolute monopoly of the east bank of the Hudson river. Others say that Mitchel tried to unload on New York a great part of the Bush Terminal property. It would seem that it would be a good thing for New York to own its terminals, but the very people who clamor for public ownership of the subways and the elevated roads condemned the mayor for favoring the purchase of the Bush properties. The other day the city of Bayonne, New Jersey, turned down in a referendum another Bush proposal to construct terminals with the privilege of disposing of them to the city later. Municipal ownership is much discussed in New York but makes little headway. When you talk up the subject you are told that municipal ferries are highly unprofitable. They may be, but they are well conducted and enormously patronized. New York would be crippled without them. If it were not for the war the question of public ownership would dominate the mayoralty campaign, but now there's nothing to it but making sure of beating Tammany. Mitchel is the white-headed boy.

I was reading in the paper about the sale of "the house with the bronze door," a celebrated gambling place in the olden time. There was rejoicing in the article, tempered with regret for the passing of the picturesque and picaresque sport. The papers intimated that the Rosenthal murder, at Lieut. Becker's order, had put an end to the gambling regime. I mentioned this to an old rounder. "Don't you believe it," he said, "you can get any game you want in New York right now, poker, faro, roulette, anything probably but keno. It isn't to anybody's interest just now to blow in every eye the horrid deed of gambling. That's all."

The press sensation over the murder of Ruth Cruger by the Italian Cocchi has petered out completely. Cocchi won't be brought back from Italy. The law of Italy does not recognize extradition. Investigation disclosed the fact that some of the police were grafting upon motorists. They would summon a man for speeding or some other violation of the traffic laws and then tell him that he might see Cocchi, who could fix it. Cocchi when seen would accept a "piece of money" and tell the motorist to tear up the summons and forget about it. Because Cocchi "had it on" the cops it was said they made no search of his place where later the mutilated body of the girl Ruth Cruger was found buried. They didn't think he had murdered the girl. Cocchi has confessed. A few policemen have been indicted for petty graft and a captain and a lieutenant or two have been demoted. There's no

great row about it. The higher authorities have decided to start a school of detective work in the department—to set up a sort of Scotland Yard, where men shall be trained in shadowing and all that sort of thing. This Sherlock Holmes stuff is laughable. Detective work of high intellectual quality doesn't exist outside of novels. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred if a detective catches an important criminal he does it because someone "squeals" upon the criminal and turns him up. Usually it is a girl who tells because she is a woman scorned. A police scandal such as the Cocchi case, under Tammany, would set New York newspapers ascream.

Apropos the Cocchi case we were told that grisly revelations were to come concerning the shipment of white-slave girls to Buenos Aires. The revelations did not materialize. A young woman who said she had the evidence, Grace LaRue, turned out to have had her head turned by reading fantastic detective stories. She imagined all kinds of assaults upon herself by black-handers and white-slavers interested in the Cocchi case. A Mrs. Grace Humiston, who did excellent work in uncovering the Cocchi crime in spite of police obstruction, has been given a police position and is now blazoned as writing for the shriek-sheets. A cynical member of Tammany Hall said about it all: "Nobody is going to have a chance to be mayor and then governor out of the Cocchi case, as Whitman rose to power on the Becker case. The friends of Whitman don't want it, and neither do the friends of Mitchel." Anyhow, New York is now possessed by another sensation; the killing of Jack de Saulles by the Chilean wife he infuriated by refusing to let her have the custody of their son. The murderess is said to be a beauty. De Saulles is said to be a victim of Broadway's white lights. This is a story that makes New York sit up and take notice, forgetting Mitchel and everything else.



#### A Great Institution

A REPORTER for a New York paper looked me up the other evening and asked if I had come to town to buy the New York *Evening Post*. Like the darkey when asked to change a \$20 bill, I thanked the inquisitor for the compliment. I didn't know and I don't know now that the *Evening Post* is for sale. If it is the fact is not to the credit of New York, for the journal, in spite of a certain high-browedness, is a paper of real intellectual value. Its editorials are markedly well informed and judicial in tone. It deals not in sensation, doesn't publish news of prize-fights, ignores society scandals, is mugwumpish in its political attitude. It is too good a paper for New York; perhaps it is too goody-goody. It cannot get such a circulation as the Hearst or Pulitzer papers, but it nevertheless does a great deal to give direction to the thinking of the country. It is the paper you will find men reading in the clubs. Not that clubmen are better than other folks, but there are more of them who take an intellectual interest in affairs. The *Post* is a little shy of the war. It inclines slightly to pacifism, but is strenuously anti-German. It was founded, I believe, by William Cullen Bryant and has consistently maintained the highest journalistic standards. Such standards do not attract readers and still less do they attract the big, splashing advertisers. Quality doesn't go; quantity talks in that quarter. I should hate for the sake of my profession to see the *Evening Post* much changed from what it is, though it might be enlivened and put *en rapport* with the common people. I like it for its scholariness, its distinction, for the reviews of poetry by O. W. Firkins and Stuart P. Sherman,

its art criticisms by Frank Jewett Mather, its philosophical essays by Paul Elmer More, the X-ray character-photographs of Washington celebrities by Tattler, and finally for the delicious, whimsical, satirical, sympathetic and penetrating "Post-Impressions" of the affairs of the world. It would be a shame if the comic-supplement artists and writers and the perpetrators of Sunday freak heart-interest stories should be permitted to work their will upon it, and upon *The Nation*, its weekly appendage. It is probable that the reporter who called upon me was "stringing" me about buying the *Evening Post*; but I thank him just the same, for his visit gave me this paragraph.



#### A Night at Coney Island

THE thing to do in New York on Saturday night is to go to Coney Island. The river ride is beautiful. And on the isle you see democracy. There are those who, looking on the Coney Island crowd, affect to despise it. Not I. The people on holiday are a good sort. They stand with splendid humor abominable crowding on boat or train or trolley. They are jolly in their patience. They spend their money foolishly, knowing it is foolish. They are tremendously polyglot—Italians, Greeks, Jews. It was published in the papers that Germans are to be kept off the boats and trains. Coney Island is Atlantic City reduced to ragtime and the lowest common denominator. There were 30,000 people who went to the island on the two or three hot nights last week and through the long hours alternately swam in the sea and slept on the sand. The Coney Island crowd is a wonder gastronomically. No carnival is more interesting than the youths wandering around in bathing suits, eating "hot dog," ice cream, boiled corn, candy, griddle-cakes, watermelon. They romp and wrestle and sing and dance and flirt and there are very few rows or assaults. One shudders to think of what the death roster of New York would be in torrid times if the great tenement population could not make its escape to Coney Island or Long Beach or other places. In my opinion there is nothing better for anyone's Americanism than to take a plunge in the island's "bath of multitude," to talk with anybody or everybody you may find next you, upon any subject. Better still to help some poor woman with a toddler to get a chair on the boat's return trip after she has waited three-quarters of an hour, standing, for the opening of the gates. You find your wrath smouldering against all fanatic prohibitionists when you see the Coney Island crowd enjoying its beer. It is a crowd that has little, of which the cooling brew is much, and the reformers would take that away. I haven't a doubt that there are people who, if they could, would take Coney Island itself away from the innumerable poor who enjoy it. There are people who delight simultaneously to do something for the poor and to do the poor for something. A lady told me there are shocking immoralities at Coney Island in the summer nights. Doubtless there are. But you have to look for them. What I see in such a crowd is human refreshment of body and spirit and an abandonment to the joy of escape from a life made sorry by commercialism, industrialism, landlordism. It seems to me that a lot of sodden people find their souls on Coney Island. More find them than lose them. You'd think so if you could hear a mother with a sick child in her lap breathing a prayer of thanks for the breeze that lulled the little one's fretfulness to rest. Don't go to Coney Island in case and state. Go with the gang. Get the feel of the crowd's response to the influence of freedom. Eat hot-dog and popcorn. Take on a couple of "sinkers," or butter-

cakes. Stand up all the way back on the boat. Then you'll realize what it is to be one of *hoi polloi*. If you see young folks kissing in corners don't get shocked. Much better to regret that you're past the years when you could do a little kissing at the drop of the hat yourself. If a drunken dago takes your arm and wants you to sing "Funicula" with him, why, sing it. These are people. They are the people who are going to endure. Not even the Gotham tenement or slum, or the Coney Island *cuisine* can prevail against them. They have the crowd at Newport beaten to a frazzle for human interest. And as you leave them and pass through the streets of the city and see the houses of the swells all boarded up for the summer, and think how easy it would be for the Coney Island crowd to take all that the swells have, just make a note that democracy is the most conservative force in the world. It is not envious. It hopes for a share in all good things and its hopes will be realized.



#### A Master Photographer

THE next day I met Arnold Genthe, photographer, and he gave me a copy of his book of photographs, "In Old Chinatown," the letter press a piece of magnificent English by Will Irwin. If only someone could do for the Coney Island crowd what Genthe has done for the Chinese. He took the pictures before the San Francisco fire. They have an exquisite softness of tone and naturalness of pose. They are like the tenderest of mezzotints. They give you the strangeness, the mystery of an alien race. They show the Chinese caught upon the wing as it were. Especially charming are the little children and the Chinese women in gala attire. They propitiate you to the much maligned Celestial, for they show him human, at his best. At his worst, as an opium-wreck, he commands sympathy. Genthe got glorious photographs of the joss-houses, of the nights-of-lanterns, all real even in the glamour of the picture-taker's selectiveness of arrangement. "In Old Chinatown" is an answer to the alarm over "the yellow peril." If someone like Genthe would do for the tenement folk of New York as painstakingly, as aesthetically, as appreciatively of values in life and color, as he has done for old Chinatown we would all be put in the way of understanding them and loving them. Genthe is an orientalist in feeling, one of the best posted of living men on the spirit of China and Japan. This knowledge and affection have given a superb quality to another work of his, "The Book of the Dance," letter press by Shaemas O'Sheel. Here are photographs of the best of the symbolic dancers from Loie Fuller to Isadora Duncan. They are reproductions of bodily rhythm absolutely unsurpassed. Where he resorts to color the effects are wonderful. He gets form without hard line. Genthe left San Francisco after the fire and came to New York where his success has been marvelous. I saw a photograph of his of a scene on Rockefeller's estate that rivals a painting by Boecklin. I know nothing with which better to compare his work, generally speaking, than the work of the first great impressionists. His camera sees with a personal eye. He catches with it the most delicate values of the object photographed. In the perfected work all trace or suggestion of the mechanical in its production is eliminated. The work is suave and at the same time firm as the man himself. Maybe it is a bit exotic in feeling. There's the word I've been wanting for four sentences back—feeling. Genthe puts emotion into his work. He gives to the object "taken" something of himself. He assembles to the fact his own impressions of it and the result is art. How he does it I don't know. The man himself is like—well, he's like an undamaged, spiritualized



Sadakichi Hartmann. He is a poet and a philosopher, but he believes in men and things and his faith and his affection show in his face under its nimbus of light, graying hair. Such photography as his in the books I mention and in his portraits of clients is revelative of man to man, makes for fraternity. I think much better of John D. Rockefeller for his having Genthe photograph some of the most subtly beautiful vistas on his Pocantico hills estate.



#### What Are Our Peace Terms?

THIS country keeps out of the conferences of the Entente having to do with their objects after the war. Probably the action is wise. For this country cannot afford to be tied up with a lot of European ambitions. Already we see that Italy, through Baron Sonnino, has been protesting in London against "no indemnities and no annexations." Also Italy protests against the setting up of a new Slav kingdom in the Balkans. Italy wants a great deal more, I should say, than she will get. That Austria-Hungary inclines to peace, sets Italy against it.

Now what this country should do is to make more definite and specific its dissociation from any conquest or imperial schemes by stating just what our aims are. The importance of this can easily be underestimated. It seems that if the President were to make plain just what this country proposes to do after the Kaiser has been defeated, the declaration would have a settling effect upon Russia. I don't doubt either that such a statement would be a strengthening influence upon peace sentiment in Germany. Our general statement about making the world safe for democracy hasn't been accepted in Russia. The members of the mission to Petrograd say that our generalizations have been misrepresented and misinterpreted. What is needed is something that sounds less hypocritical. We should say just how far we are to go with the Entente. It is understood, of course, that the first thing to be done is to whip Germany, but after that—what? We know that Great Britain, France and Italy are not going to give up their ambitions for territory. They must have what they have long sought in order to weaken Germany. Russia stands out against all this "particularism." The United States expresses the same thought, highly generalized. The expression should be made more concrete. By doing this we would go on record against all schemes of partition and rectification of boundaries which lurk behind the rather loose phraseology of the Entente statesmen. That would be a step toward the demilitarization of Germany. Mr. Balfour has said Germany must be powerless or free. This country should put the stress upon the "free," rather than upon the "powerless." By doing so we would disarm the junkers and give the German democrats a chance to reshape their government free inside and outside. Dr. Michaelis has said in effect that he agrees with the Reichstag that Germany must be free, but he also says that she must not be made powerless first, and that checks the democratic movement effectually.

I am told that within a few days President Wilson will deliver an utterance clearing up the situation and showing the world that we are not out to do more than assure the world's peace by negotiating a peace with a responsible democratic government in Germany, if one can be established. Premier Lloyd George has said something faintly approximating this. The United States cannot stand back and say that all it intends to do is to help the Entente defeat Germany, to keep her from attempting to conquer this country. This country will be at the peace congress. If this country's attitude toward Germany after defeat were more definitely outlined the peace congress would be nearer.



#### Taxes All Wrong

Now that the war revenue bill has come out of the Senate, the House will look it over, and prob-

ably will not agree to the Senate's changes in the original measure. Chairman Kitchin of the House committee on ways and means says that the Senate has so changed the bill as to deflect an entirely disproportionate amount of taxation upon the poorer people of the country. The burden is not placed upon wealth to the extent that it should be. For example, certain aspects of the excess profits tax let out of taxation heavy profits of concerns that were most profitable before the war. The averaging of profits in many cases does not go back far enough. The consumption taxes are an abomination. There will probably be a big fight on the bill in the conference and it will extend to the floor of the House. The result will be a compromise of course. But if Chairman Kitchin only understood the true economy, what a fight he could make to enlighten the country! He could show how the revenue bill does not touch at all the one form of wealth that goes increasingly into fewer hands all the time, and those not the hands that make the wealth. If he could only see how taxation of unused land would not only raise revenue, but would raise vegetables and grain and produce minerals, he, in his important position, could do much for the country and the world. It is his chance now to stand out and proclaim the doctrine of untaxing the producer and sur-taxing the parasite. But Claude Kitchin doesn't see this. He wants to get after money on the fly. He doesn't want to get taxes at the source of wealth—at the one-half of the source of wealth, the land. The other half is labor. But labor should not be taxed for creating wealth. The wealth in land should be taxed because it belongs to all the people. Land value, the creation of all, should be taxed for the benefit of all.



#### More Gotham Politics

It is not yet certain that William Randolph Hearst will not be a Tammany candidate for mayor of New York. He is doing everything he can to discredit Mayor Mitchel. It is the Hearst papers that proclaim Mitchel a tool of the Gothamite Big Cioch. They say that Mitchel co-operates with the Board of Education in a scheme to turn over the public schools of New York to the minions of Rockefeller. How is that? Why, it is because the Board of Education has looked with favor upon the Gary public school plan for training in trade crafts. The cry is that the Gary plan is a scheme to educate youths in trades with a view to breaking the back of union labor. The schools are to be used to graduate strike-breakers, says Hearst. Prof. John Dewey says there's nothing in the outcry, but it is a cry that all the opponents of Mitchel will make the most of in order to swing the labor vote against the fusion candidate. If the hardshell Republicans can get Judge Cropsey out of the running and the Tammany crowd can get a strong figurehead for a campaign, and Hillquit, the Socialist, can be encouraged with funds and otherwise, there is a chance to defeat Mitchel. I doubt though that Hearst will run. He's "in bad" in New York. He is too pro-German, even though he has engaged the Dutch cartoonist, Raemakers, to draw for his papers. Raemakers cannot offset William Bayard Hale. Hearst's news beacon has been cut off from all the news of the Entente. He tried to get up a wireless concern to get news from France, and, with the innocent aid of Maurice Leon, almost succeeded. Hearst's publications are debarred from Great Britain, France and Canada. This shows what ground there is for calling him pro-German. There is no question that he is virulently opposed to President Wilson. It is not likely, therefore, that any considerable number of Democrats would support Hearst for mayor now. Republicans and Democrats of the better sort are for Mitchel because of his record. It is interesting to read that Tammany is now coming out strong for public ownership of almost everything. It is for anything to smash Mitchel. Its solicitude for the public school system of New York

reminds me of days not long gone when as fine a gang of grafters as ever "divided" were always afraid that the public schools of St. Louis would be captured by Washington University and in particular by the Manual Training School.



#### Steel Trust Tactics

THAT was an odd thing the United States Steel Corporation did the other day in making out its quarterly statement. It deducted prospective taxes on excess profits of \$54,000,000. The tax has not been paid; has not even been levied; more than that, the law providing for such a tax has not been passed. It is supposed the company wants the country to know how much the concern has to "cough" in the way of helping the war. The corporation says that comparing March quarter earnings, with no excess profit tax reduction, with the June quarter earnings, with the deduction, show a steady decline. This is accounted for by the statement that the corporation rejected much new business in order to meet possible demands of the home government. The analysts of the stock market are examining the figures. They don't accept the report at its face value. It may be that something will be discovered that will change the rate of taxation on excess profits in a way not pleasing to the trust. The corporation may find the tax raised in the bill which has now gone back to the House from the Senate.



#### Business Outlook

UNQUESTIONABLY there is a great deal of pessimistic talk in the east about a prospective slowing down of business. The experts of the press financial departments are discussing it exhaustively. Big manufacturers are talking of shortness of money. How the money that was subscribed for the Liberty loan and the Red Cross can have disappeared I don't understand. Most of it is being spent here. What was taken out of the banks must have gone back. The uncertainty that makes for the slowing down is generally attributed to the fact that business men want to know, before they venture anything, what is to come of the proposals for price-fixing by the government. There is no telling how government contract schedules are to be based. Until this can be known it will be hazardous to buy new material, and there will be no guide for dealings with labor. Manufacturers want to know how much taxes are to be taken from excess profits. Will the prices to be paid by the government leave a margin, considering increased expenses of operation? There will be uncertainty until the national policy is made plain. Buying will be cautious, and contracts for delivery will be strongly hedged about with restrictions! Business on the buying side is all hand-to-mouth. Will prices go down? They will, sooner or later, but how soon or late? When the drop comes there will be trouble. Labor will not readjust itself to a lower scale. Prices will toboggan quicker than costs. Widespread labor trouble may come during the war or immediately after, despite Sam Gompers' promise that labor will not do anything to disturb the present status. There's a strong movement against Gompers among the workingmen. He has always held down the radicals, but now they are after him for selling out to plutocracy. The Socialists and the fellows who were interested in the Mooney case out in San Francisco say that Gompers is done for. They are the men who have discredited the American mission to Russia by saying that this country is as plutocratic and militaristic as any monarchy. They will seize any excuse to break the present truce between Labor and Capital. Business does well to be careful until it knows the lay of the land. To a man-in-the-street it seems that the government can avert a cataclysmic depression by a policy of lowering prices—"deflating" them, as *The New Republic* puts it. Business will not like it, but it will be good for business in the long run. Business will be wobbly until it knows where it's "at." Price-



fixing will have to be done gradually, but it should begin at once. Prices and costs are both running wild now and the end must be a smash if some action to prevent it be not taken. There will be a howl by Congress against the autocratic character of such action, but it's that or depression, followed by social war.



#### *High Cost of Grub.*

GOVERNOR WHITMAN of New York is trying to establish food control in New York state. I wish him well, but I don't see that his scheme is going to get good results. What worries most people is not the supply of food but the prices. The more talk there is of food conservation, the more prices are raised. What's the use of meatless days and reduced portions of bread and butter? And such silliness is talked on the subject. I read of someone who sagely suggests that meat be conserved by encouraging the use of poultry. Fine; but chicken for two costs \$3 in New York, where they don't know how to cook chicken, either. The more the food situation is talked, the more the prices are boosted. The price of the business man's lunch is from 20 to 50 cents bigger than it was, and the food served diminishes in quantity as the price increases. I am not now thinking of Lobsteria, but of the ordinary person in the ordinary, moderate-priced eating place of a few years ago. The "suckers" along the Great White Way will continue to be trimmed. That's what they come to New York for; they like it. Food regulation without price regulation will not stop the graft. The food bill introduced by the joint war committee of the New York state legislature, the old guard, deals principally with conserving the supply. Governor Whitman calls it highly inadequate and presents his own. There is likely too to be a fight between the governor and the old guard over the members of the food commission; it is understood that the governor wished to head it with George W. Perkins, who is not in favor with the old guard, but he has been appointed market commissioner of New York city by Mayor Mitchel. My own impression of Gov. Whitman's proposal is that it won't amount to much unless he waits and finds out what the national government is going to do. New York state must work with the national government and not against it. Governor Whitman is premature, in my opinion. But that is implicit in the situation. Governor Whitman thinks it likely that he will be the next republican nominee for president. And there you are!



#### *The Supply of Doctors*

ONCE more I recur to the problem of medicine and the war. What is to be done about the 3500 medical students of military age in the United States? Shall they be drafted and furloughed after the draft? Shall they be permitted to complete their courses? If too many are drafted there will be a dangerous scarcity of physicians after the war. We are to have 1,200,000 soldiers in France by next year. They will call for the services of 12,500 medical men. The total of doctors in the country is 140,000. Of the men needed for the army, Surgeon-General Gorgas has obtained only 9,000. Physicians of fifty-five and thereabouts are not held fit for base-hospital or trench depot work. Most of the men commissioned in the medical reserve corps are in the thirties and forties. Secretary of War Baker is wrestling with the problem of exempting the medical student or furloughing him. Great Britain sent him to the trenches. The result is that England is clamoring for doctors. Under the law, Gen. Crowder says, no one can be exempted because he is a medical student. Can the students be furloughed, permitting them to complete their courses? When graduated they could be drafted into the medical corps. The difficulty in that would be that the students would cost the government \$75 per

month each, or about \$12,000,000 per year. The commander-in-chief can furlough as many men as he wishes for any length of time. And what is the sum of \$12,000,000 a year, considering that it will save the country from a shortage of physicians and surgeons? That is a very present danger. If our army is two million men, it will require 25,000 physicians, and 25,000 out of the total supply of 140,000 to take care of the other ninety-eight million of American people is a tremendous subtraction from the sum of service. That is why the war department has urged physicians with dependent families not to enlist, and has insisted that local medical boards shall not forward the applications of physicians necessary in hospitals or colleges or practice generally. As few doctors as possible are taken from the rural districts, and cities are held down to their fixed proportionate number. The young doctors are not to be put on the fighting line. The war department is taking care, too, not to draw from service to the civilian population too many nurses. The problem of the medical students now in college or about to enter college, while subject to draft, is a hard one, because it would not be well to start in making class exemptions. It would start up claims for a lot of other classes. On the other hand, if the students be taken for the army, there will be a deadly lack of doctors five years hence. One realizes, of course, that the medical heretics will say that this is not a threat but a promise, but the medical heretics are in the minority. There may be some way of getting men into the study of medicine earlier and shortening the course. The medical schools will have small classes as a result of the draft and they will sorely lack funds. The government might very well make handsome appropriations to enable the medical colleges to keep going.



#### *The Man Who Knits*

A MAN from Cleveland sat in the shade at Rye and watched the ladies knit. He said to me: "Do you know that we have one of the finest knitters in the world in the U. S. cabinet?" I did not. "Well, he's not a knitter, but it's the same thing—he crochets. I mean Secretary of War Baker. Fact. Other men find relaxation in reading detective stories, or in working out mechanical puzzles or refuses in the papers. When Newton Baker wants really to rest, he sits himself down in a 'comfy' chair and gets out his crochet set and goes to it. Out home I remember that Tom L. Johnson used to joke Newton about it. Baker came back at Tom for his devotion to solitaire. I don't see why crocheting isn't as good a relaxation as golfing." You hear less, out East, in disparagement of Baker as war secretary since the war began. He took hold, you know, just when we sent troops to Mexico, but he caught on rapidly. A man who as mayor could run a town as Baker ran Cleveland, is not slow to master administrative detail. Baker was a sort of pacifist in days not long gone, but he soon got over that. Daniels was, too. You'd think, to hear men talk in New York clubs, that Daniels is a pacifist even now, but he is not. The country is beginning to realize that under Daniels the navy is in first-class trim. It would be better if the Republicans under Taft and Roosevelt had done for it what they now condemn the Democrats for not doing. I've heard Champ Clark denounced as a pacifist too, and Claude Kitchin as well; but both men have sons in the army. Only one congressman has gone into the army—Gussie Gardiner of Massachusetts. Our congressmen haven't sought the firing line as have the members of the British Parliament. Secretary of the Interior Lane has a son in the army, but Lane, as a Canadian-born, was always classed by the pro-Germans and radical pacifists as a British jingo. In point of fact, Lane came as near being a pacifist before the war caught us up as any public man in the United States. Returning, however, to the subject of Newton Baker, I must chronicle the fact that in all discussion of a possible successor

to Wilson, if any Democrat can succeed him, the name of Baker is most frequently mentioned.



#### *About Jim and Bill*

I MET a man the other day who is working with Mr. Hoover in Washington. I asked what Hoover thought of Missouri's senator, James A. Reed, who had attacked him so savagely. "Oh, Hoover just says nothing about Reed. When he talks he addresses himself to the food situation and cuts out personalities." Hoover, I am informed, claims that the co-operation of the big men in the food-purveying line has been hearty. They are willing to co-operate, but with one proviso, namely, that while they are co-operating some other fellows shall not get the best of the situation. In this connection I cannot but mention a bit of gossip in which I do not believe. It is to the effect that Senator Reed's opposition to the food bill arises from the alleged fact that he is or was an attorney for the Armour in Kansas City. The implication is an ugly one. Reed when in Kansas City may have been an attorney for Armour. As a noted lawyer he well might be, just as the super-radical, Frank P. Walsh, was an attorney for the street railway company there; but it is absurd to think that Reed represents the meat trust as senator. Moreover, I recall very distinctly that very shortly after our entering the war, the head of Armour & Co. came out in the papers favoring government control of the food supply at once, and offering to turn the Armour plant over to the nation. The Reed-Armour story does not hang together. My explanation of Senator Reed's action is the very simple one that he doesn't believe in one-man power—not even in unlimited one-man power in the president. When Reed was fighting the currency bill he was said to be fighting for Wall street, but in the long run he forced into the bill half a hundred amendments that Secretary McAdoo joyfully accepted. Reed may have been wrong in his war upon Hoover, but if he went wrong it was from a right motive. He may be stubborn and opinionated, but Jim Reed is straight as a string, and if he were merely playing politics he would not be playing on the side opposed to Wilson. He is not "politic" like Stone.

See the vote on the resolution for a prohibition amendment to the constitution. Reed went down the line against it. Stone contented himself with trying to secure a provision for compensation to the liquor men. Stone provides the base of attack upon prohibition in the states before the resolution can be adopted by enough legislatures to make prohibition a part of the constitution. The Prohibitionists won't accept a compensation proposal, as the Abolitionists would not on slavery. "What?" they say, "shall the people pay the liquor men for properties built in iniquity? Have not the liquor men made enough out of poisoning and depraving the people?" With the liquor men arguing for compensation and the Prohibitionists against it, prohibition may easily be staved off for the six-year period in which it must be adopted or fail. The states with big populations will not be easily carried for prohibition. We shall see them fixing it so the legislatures cannot ratify the prohibition amendment. The compensation argument will tell against it. Likewise the argument that the enforcement of dryness will involve the maintenance of an army of excise officers. Then there's the loss of liquor revenue, at a time when the people bear enough direct taxes. I was surprised that Stone voted for the prohibition resolution. So will be most Missourians. But I do not expect to see Stone favoring the adoption of the resolution by Missouri's legislature.



#### *Journalistic War Reputations*

I SEE that George Creel, journalist, is still a shock-center, though an official navy report somewhat bolsters his Fourth of July story about our transports repelling a submarine attack. I am



afraid that George will not figure upon the list of newspaper men who have achieved glory out of the war. The list is not a long one. Leading it is Frank Simonds. He was on the *Sun* in July, 1914. A little later than the middle of that month he predicted in a double-leaded editorial the cataclysm that we all know. From that time to this he has been the most authoritative American writer upon the war in its military as distinct from other phases. His analysis of strategy, tactics, campaigns, was so evidently expert that at Washington it was thought the *Sun* articles were written by some expert of the British army. Simonds writes beautifully—in the sense that clarity, lucidity and simplicity are beautiful. He writes because he knows his subject. For years he felt the war was coming and he prepared for it by study. He put in his vacations on what are now battlefields. He studied the campaigns of Marlborough and Wellington on the bloody terrain. Likewise he studied the campaigns of Grant and Lee in our Civil war and he finds this war, broadly speaking, fought on lines similar to the campaigns of the two great opponents; Germany following Lee; the Entente imitating Grant. Simonds was on a small salary with the *Sun*. Then the paper was Munseyized. Simonds went to the *Tribune* at \$20,000 a year, where he continues his excellent, well-considered writing on the fighting. The best narrative of the war in book form is to be found in his two books, "The Great War, First Phase" and "The Great War, Second Phase" (Mitchell Kennerley, New York). He will write another when the war shall be ended. His articles have been syndicated to other papers by the *Tribune* and the country knows their value. Nothing else has been so useful in informing the public of the meaning of the official military and naval dispatches.

Next to Simonds, I should say that Will Irwin comes out of the war with the highest journalistic reputation. His description of the battle of Ypres is a classic. It is more than journalism; it is literature. He has done other writing upon later war events that is admirable, but that will preserve his name to after time. I recall his story of the Somme, of the stopping of von Kluck's drive on Paris, of the fighting on the mountain tops of the Italian front—all of it done with force and grace and the evidence in it of a rarely honest and kind personality.

Of course I am not forgetting Richard Harding Davis' description of the march of the grey German host through Brussels after Liege had fallen. That was the first big story of the war. It conveyed splendidly the impression of German might. Later he did a glorious description of what had befallen Rheims. Davis is dead. He was a gifted writer and a loyal and gallant man, a gentleman adventurer in the sense that Kipling conceived of Walcott Balestier in a famous dedicatory poem.

Herbert Bayard Swope, who used to be a reporter in St. Louis, received a big prize for the best piece of work in journalism last year—his dispatches to the New York *World* from Germany. The journalistic fraternity has no criticism of the award. Swope did his stunt in a way to get the situation clearly before the American people. As guest and friend of German officials he could not but take their view. His "stuff" couldn't have got out of Germany otherwise. But he was not what we call a pro-German. His newspaper dispatches contain the basis of his book, "Inside the German Empire." It is a book of acute observation and clear exposition. You will find in it an explanation in cumulative incident of Teutonic spirit and organization, and I should say it is as impartial as any book on the war can be, by any man who has seen it from one side or other of the fighting line.

Another man who has won fame for war-writing is Carl Ackerman. His dispatches from Germany for the United Press were most illuminating. There was a time when he was thought to be pro-German. At other times the pro-Germans

here said the British had bought him. That is highly complimentary to a reporter—to be accused of favoritism by both sides. It means he is fair. Ackerman's book shows us Germany from the day war was declared. The intimacy of his work is charming. He gives us the German alike in his *Schrecklichkeit* and his *Gemuthlichkeit*; domestic Germany and militarist Germany; Germany exalted and Germany depressed. The letters he cabled to this country he has amplified into a fascinating book, which all writers who have had any experience on the other side in the war pronounce to be true to spirit and to fact. Ackerman has now gone on the staff of *The Saturday Evening Post* at a salary that suggests the compensation of a movie star. Ackerman's book is "Germany, the Next Republic" (Doran, New York). The title indicates its tone and trend.

Still another big reputation has been won in war journalism by John R. Rathom of the *Providence Journal*. He got a man into the employ of the German embassy who supplied him with facts concerning German activity in fomenting munition strikes, blowing up ships, etc. Rathom was instrumental in exposing von Papen, Boy-Ed and other German plotters here. It was he who had Dr. Alberts' portfolio stolen from his side on a New Haven train. The *Providence Journal* exposures were brilliant. They came to an end when Count von Bernstorff sailed for Germany. Rathom implies that his work that was not published was valuable to the government in greater degree than any that was printed. I don't class this "sleuth" work with that of the other newspaper men I have mentioned. It isn't literary. It is detective stuff.

And old Irv Cobb has a war "rep," too. Didn't he go out of Brussels to the front in a cab with John McCutcheon and get arrested? He did, and made a good story of it. He wrote mighty well too of the scenes in that drive through Belgium. But his great work was in a matter of getting two words out of that sphinx, Kitchener. He met Kitchener at dinner somewhere in London in August, 1914, and asked casually how long the war would last. Kitchener said something like "Three years." Cobb cabled the interview to this country. It was big news, for the world didn't think the war could last six months, and nobody had ever dared interview Kitchener. Kitchener denied the interview, but the world believed Cobb. Cobb doesn't need the journalistic reputation at all. He has others as a wit and humorist and as the creator of *Judge Priest*. . . . But it is supererogation to tell the world anything about Cobb.

A piece of journalism that stretches from the first of August of 1914 to today in continuous excellence is "The Theater of War," in the *San Francisco Argonaut*. It is the work of Mr. Sidney Coryn. The weekly article runs on an average to about three thousand words and it deals with the strategy and tactics, the diplomacy, the calculation of resources, everything and anything that bears relation to the great struggle. It is a continued story of the war in a brisk, clear, untechnical style. I think Mr. Coryn's is a newspaper war-reputation on a solid foundation. He treats of more phases of the war than any writer I have named, often indeed using the work of those others and harmonizing it all into a reasoned, critical narrative.

There are possibly some other war-won journalistic glories that I have overlooked, but these are those the profession generally recognizes. If I think later of any good workmen whose performances should be celebrated in this connection I shall be glad to do them honor. I am wondering though if this country will produce anyone who shall do a work in journalism equal to that of Lord Northcliffe's in England. He drove Haldane to the Lords, French from the head of the army, Kitchener from the ministry of munitions, Asquith from the premiership; and these are only the high points of his journalistic achievement. To some people Northcliffe is the man who saved England.

He is now Great Britain's representative in this country in all matters other than diplomatic. He and Lloyd George are the two Englishmen who have won most glory from the war. Who will do in this country journalistic work as great? Thus far this war has not produced any newspaper work other than that I have cited that seems to accord with the magnitude of the opportunity, though I suppose it is generally admitted that the New York *Times* has covered the war, by and large, more comprehensively than any other paper. It has documented the conflict in most thorough-going fashion. Its current history of the war is the best available source of accurate information.



#### Spooks and Their Books

DR. JAMES H. HYSLOP is the head of the American Society for Psychical Research, if not the whole works. He knows more about high-class spookery than anybody. His investigations of communications between the living and the dead have extended over nearly thirty years. To this country he is what F. W. H. Myers was and Sir Oliver Lodge is to England in the matter of psychological analysis of spirit-communication. He believes the dead can and do come back to us and can give reasons for the faith that is in him. It was natural that when I met him we should talk about our St. Louis literary spooks. Somehow he has his wires crossed as to Patience Worth. He doesn't dispute her literary gift, but he says that she hasn't located herself terrestrially. We don't know when or where she lived. Now it's different with the spirit of Mark Twain, who is said to have sent the novel, "Jap Herron," over the ouija board to Mesdames Lola V. Hays and Emily Grant Hutchings. I said that the novel contained in itself no inherent evidence of its Twainian origin, and Dr. Hyslop agreed with me. "But," he said, "Mrs. Hutchings and Mrs. Hays have visited me here and submitted to all tests, through a psychic having no knowledge of them or of their 'control,' and I have obtained indisputable evidence of the fact that 'Jap Herron' is the work of the discarnate spirit of Samuel L. Clemens." Dr. Hyslop explained that he got at this by questions and a sort of system of cross-references too elaborate to be set forth here. The verdict of the doctor will be final with all spiritualists. From what he said generally, I gather that dealing with spirits has to be indulged in cautiously. They are not always to be trusted. They will tell fibs. They will claim to be the spirits of quite other people than they are. Sometimes they will get merged with other spirits and be unable to disentangle themselves. He spoke of folks wandering around "over there" and not knowing they are dead. I wonder if they are people who wandered around here not knowing they were alive. Dr. Hyslop told me of a medium who was materializing spirits for a seance and was caught in her own bodily self masquerading as a materialized spirit. "Now you would say that was conscious fraud," he remarked, "but it isn't. The medium in her trance actually thought that she was the materialization and when she was seized by the investigators she underwent a shock such as comes to a somnambulist when awakened from the sleep-walking condition. Spirits often deceive themselves and of course they deceive their mediums." To Dr. Hyslop our St. Louis school of spook literature is uninteresting if it is only literature. He doesn't care for that. He wants to get at the identity of the personality who communicates. No matter what fine writing is obtained from Patience Worth, he wants to know when and where Patience lived and died, and he wants to follow her up on the other side through his psychics as William J. Burns' men would look up the record of someone badly "wanted." Curiously, the day after I met Dr. Hyslop I met Laurens Maynard, just back from St. Louis, and he had had a remarkable sitting with Mesdames Hays and Hutchings in which there was spelled out on the ouija board the query, "Who asked for Bates?" Maynard had a friend named Bates who died. Neither Mrs. Hays nor Mrs.



Hutchings had ever heard of him. Maynard says the ouija board conversation convinced him that Bates was talking though he could not vouch for Mark Twain, never having known the latter intimately in the flesh. Maynard is a well-known publishers' agent. He tells me that the sales of books by and about spooks are mounting steadily all over the country. "Here's a new one," said he, taking a volume from under his arm, "Letters from Helen and Harry," written down by Mary Blount White (Kennerley, New York). These are remarkable specimens of automatic writing. The letters began in 1892. They were from her dead sister, Helen, to Mary Blount. After more than twenty years of silence came the letters from Harry, a brother of her mother, "who had met Helen and explained to her that she had died and was not having a bad dream as she had supposed." It is amusing to find Harry writing from spiritland about "what gets my goat" and about "stunts," etc. For such as are interested in problems of incarnation the book contains much meat. It is true to form of all this other-side writing in that it is pantheistic in its philosophy. Even more interesting, though, is the comment upon the war from beyond the grave. Germany gets none the best of it. There are delicious human touches in the letters. I can't say that they impress me with their "otherwhereness." I don't get that from any such manifestations save those that come within my personal experience, and I suspect that the attribute comes from my relation to the phenomena and is not inherent in the stuff itself. When I was quite a small boy there was a book around the house from which I supped full of wonders. It was "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," by Robert Dale Owen. None of these new necromancers can beat the stories in that book. The new "stuff" is geared to a later time. . . . As I write I learn from one who has seen Dr. Hyslop's report of his experiments with Mrs. Hays and Mrs. Hutchings. It seems that Patience Worth has been talking with them as well as with Mrs. John H. Curran. Dr. Hyslop takes a couple of side-swipes at the Patience Worth works, speaks of "subliminal or even conscious deception," and says that "deception of the public will make more money than the truth." Taken in conjunction with the good words for "Jap Herron," these remarks indicate that there is already a battle on between the two schools of spooks. But if "Jap Herron" has *The Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research* on his side, the wraith that visits the Currans has her own organ, *Patience Worth's Magazine*. The spook-book boom will probably not be hurt by the dispute that has begun as to the orthodoxy of the rival schools.



#### Some Gossip from the War

A SUBJECT upon which, for obvious reasons, one may not write at length or frankly is the recurrent knock against the Belgians that one hears in quiet club confabs with people who have just come over from the front. There have been whispers of dissatisfaction in England with the Belgians, but one hears now that in both England and France the Belgian is held in less esteem, in some cases, than the "Bosche." One listens to tales of Belgian civilians sniping French and British soldiers in the back. In Paris it is said that the only Belgians who are not pro-German are King Albert and his party. This is a sweeping statement, but I heard it made the other evening by a man who may be supposed to know whereof he speaks. The Belgian workingmen are supposed to have been both socialistic and pro-German, and utterly opposed to King Albert. They have given little aid to the French and English in Flanders. This sort of talk comes with the effect of shock upon one who has been led to think of the Belgians as martyrs of the ruthless Hun. Englishmen say that the Belgian exiles in England are much disinclined to work. They have an idea that they must be supported. If one heard this sort of thing but once he would disregard it, but it cannot be ignored when it is heard from

many different sources in places far apart. I do no more than cite it as a strange piece of talk about the war.



#### Hotels and Theaters

Two things in the building line New York can never have enough of—hotels and theaters. Mr. Statler is building a new hotel, to have more than 1800 rooms, and someone else is building a hotel with 2200 rooms. The hotel business in New York is the best there is, and in my opinion it is the best conducted business in New York. The service at places like the Biltmore, the Waldorf-Astoria, the McAlpin, is not to be surpassed, and if it is solemnity you're after, just go to the St. Regis. Before a St. Regis employe anybody is made to feel like a mere worm. But if you are willing to pay you can get almost any imaginable service at a New York hotel and get it quick. A man from the west who was stopping at the McAlpin said to me: "Say, this town ought to be easy for a fellow who needs the money. I blow into the hotel and register and the next day I need money. I go to the cashier and I say, preparing to produce credentials, 'I want to get some money,' and she says, 'What room please?' and I tell her and I write the check and she hands me the coin. No investigation at all." The gentleman from the west, as it happens, is much better known than he pretends to be, and the big New York hotel has a fellow pretty well sized up on all scores after he has been registered there for a day. Just now the hotel guests are pretty thoroughly tabbed. The government has a lot of men about on secret service, looking after such visitors as may interest them for any one of a thousand very slight reasons.

A dozen new theaters will have been opened by this fall. Some of the old ones were transformed into business structures. Others have been occupied by the movies. The Morosco and the Bijou are houses newly opened. The Stuyvesant is to be opened with a play called "His Brother's Keeper," with Robert Edson in the chief role. A theater is to be built for Jack Norworth and to be called after him. He will put on decoctions of his own brewing. We haven't heard a great deal of Norworth since he and his wife, Nora Bayes, agreed to disagree with much profitable publicity. Charles O. Broadhurst is to have a theater for which he will write all the plays and of course he will write a few more for that fine fellow and good actor, Maclyn Arbuckle. There's to be a show house for and named for Henry Miller in Forty-third street. The Selwyn theater is to be near by. It has been said the Shuberts are to name a theater for Anna Held. They are building two, one to be called the Intimate Playhouse. I hope it won't be too intimate. The facility of intimacy with a Shubert chorus is proverbial.



#### Plays and Players

THE summer gossip about new plays contains little that is exciting. Someone is writing a play for George Arliss upon Alexander Hamilton. It should be a go. There's nothing more dramatic in American history than Hamilton's story. I believe that Charles Frederick Nirdlinger is writing the play. If so, it will be a good one. I hear that James Humecker is writing a drama, with Chopin for the central character, for or in collaboration with Leo Dietrichstein. A force of men as large as that of a munition factory is preparing a vehicle of some kind for Fred Stone, who still insists that he will never take a partner in place of the late Dave Montgomery. Dave was said to do nothing but "feed" Fred on the stage. That's all very well, but wait until the public sees and hears Stone alone. Many an alleged real thing in a theatrical team goes to pieces when one member loses his reputedly unimportant partner. What became of Tony Hart after he broke with Ned Harrigan? Was one Rogers brother any good after the other died? Fred Stone is clever, but can he get the public playing a lone hand? I hope so. Just whose plays will be pro-

duced by Belasco, as written by Belasco, a mere stranger in New York cannot be supposed to know. I see that Augustus Thomas is to have a new play, "The Copperhead," presented by John D. Williams. Otis Skinner won't have a new play in Gotham this fall but will take "Mister Antonio" on the road. It is such a fine play New York didn't like it. Last season such of the provinces as saw it did like it. Seems to me that what was said of Garrick can be said of Skinner—"Damn him; he can act a gridiron;" but of course for Otis I would have to be on an Oriental and *coloratura* gridiron. I suppose that the most popular actress in New York is Laurette Taylor. Everybody's talking about her and particularly about her war play, "Out There." I've never seen her or it. I've seen the best actor in New York this season though. He is Don, the dog who plays a drunk in the Follies. Next to Don I put Leon Errol in his photograph gallery act in Hitchy-Koo. It reminds me of Willie Edouin's play of a quarter of a century ago, "Fun in a Photograph Gallery," except that it is funnier. Wilton Lackaye tried out a new play at Atlantic City last week. The returns are not yet in. Nazimova and Arnold Daly are said to be about to appear in a play, she as *Josephine*, he as *Napoleon*. If it ever comes off, it will be a wonder. Each is more erratic than the other, it is said. Daly is thought by some to be the finest actor in the country, but a bad actor in matters other than professionally mimetic.

Until one is in the territory covered by the New York papers one does not realize what a big interest the theater is in the burg. The people who live off the theater in New York are practically numberless. Take the show out of New York and it would be as bad as taking the breweries out of St. Louis. The theaters help largely to keep the restaurants going. So there's no use in anyone getting sick of "the cult of the actor," or actress either, hereabout. The stage is a big economic factor. It is that, indeed, before it is an art factor. You're out of the talking in New York if you can't talk actors or actresses. Most everybody tells you with no little pride that he knows this or that stage person personally. There's nothing a New Yorker likes better than to point out to you some stage celebrity in a restaurant. "There goes Lily Langtry," said a young man the other evening at Healy's. The ladies were all eyes at once. After the evening he said to me, "That wasn't Lily Langtry, but, damn it, I'd had the ladies out all evening and hadn't had a chance to show 'em anything, so I just took a chance and called a woman entering the place 'the Jersey lily.' No harm done. She's a good enough Langtry for folks who are doing New York in summer. I do that all the time. When I'm on top of the Fifth avenue stages, too, I tell people around me all about the houses and the occupants. Fine exercise for the imagination, I assure you." The young man is a rising young dramatist. He will succeed. "Why," he said, "when I stepped out and left you at the Belmont cafe the other day a fellow asked me who you were. Who do you think I said? You'd never guess in a thousand years. I said you were Gilbert K. Chesterton. I'm not going to have fellows here in New York think I'm going around with dubs." Yes; I think that young man will succeed.



#### Big Boost for Government Ownership

TALK about signs of the times, handwriting on the wall and all that! The news from Canada must give the railroad world here a hard jolt. The Dominion government plans at once to take over the entire Canadian Northern Railroad, more than 9,000 miles, and eventually the Grand Trunk Pacific Road. The roads will be operated under five Parliamentary Trustees. This thing had to be done, for the government has furnished or guaranteed much of the capital for the roads and it has been continually called upon for advances. The Canadian Northern has had \$300,000,000 and wants still more. The government takes over the property to protect



investors. The Grand Trunk Pacific is to be taken to relieve the Grand Trunk. The roads will pay after a while. The government is going to keep as many of the present higher operating staff of the Canadian Northern Pacific as it can in the running of the roads. These men are said to be willing to serve without salary. The property includes steamship lines, telegraphs, hotels, grain elevators. When the valuation of the property has been completed it is estimated that the big stockholders, Sir William Mackenzie, Robert Mackenzie and Sir Donald Mann, will receive from twenty-five million to forty million dollars in settlement for their stock. The government now owns sixty million of the one hundred million dollars' worth of Canadian Northern common stock. In conjunction with the government-owned Intercolonial Railway in Eastern Canada, the newly acquired line will link the two oceans. This is the largest venture yet made in nationalization of utilities in Canada. It will wonderfully strengthen the public ownership movement in this country. Our railroads are now showing the country how railways can be run when they are not run primarily and solely for all the traffic will bear. The railroads are being put in splendid shape, operatively, for requisition, and unless the government gives the roads some financial help, the government will have to take them over and build them up.

♦♦♦♦

## Dear Old Dick

(IN MEMORY OF RICHARD E. BURKE)

By Edgar Lee Masters

S AID dear old Dick  
To the colored waiter:  
"Here, George! be quick  
Roast beef and a potato.  
I'm due at the courthouse at half-past one,  
You black old scoundrel, get a move on you!  
I want a pot of coffee and a graham bun.  
This vinegar decanter'll make a groove on you,  
You black-faced mandril, you grinning baboon—"  
"Yas sah! Yas sah," answered the coon.  
"Now don't you talk back" said dear old Dick,  
"Go and get my dinner or I'll show you a trick  
With a plate, a tumbler or a silver castor,  
Fulginous monkey, sired by old Nick."  
And the nigger all the time was moving round the  
table,  
Rattling the silver things faster and faster—  
"Yas sah! Yas sah, soon as I'se able  
I'll bring yo' yo' dinnah as shore as yo's bawn."  
"Quit talking about it; hurry and be gone,  
You low-down nigger," said dear old Dick.

Then I said to my friend: "Suppose he'd up and  
stick  
A knife in your side for raggin' him so hard;  
Or how would you relish some spit in your broth?  
Or a little Paris green in your cheese for chard?  
Or something in your coffee to make your stomach  
froth?  
Or a bit of asafetida hidden in your pie?  
That's a gentlemanly nigger or he'd black your eye."

Then dear old Dick made this long reply:  
"You know, I love a nigger,  
And I love this nigger.  
I met him first on the train from California  
Out of Kansas City; in the morning early  
I walked through the diner, feeling upset,  
For a cup of coffee, looking rather surly.  
And there sat this nigger by a table all dressed,  
Waiting for the time to serve the omelet,  
Buttered toast and coffee to the passengers,  
And this is what he said in a fine southern way:  
'Good mawnin', sah, I hopes yo' had yo' rest,  
I'm right glad to see you on dis sunny day.'  
Now think! here's a human who has no other cares  
Except to please the white man, serve him when  
he's starving,  
And who has as much fun when he sees you carving

The sirloin as you do, does this black man.  
Just think for a minute, how the negroes excel,  
Can you beat them with a banjo or a broiling pan?  
There's a music in their soul as original  
As any breed of people in the whole wide earth;  
They're elemental hope, heartiness, mirth.  
There are only two things real American:  
One is Christian Science, the other is the nigger.  
Think it over for yourself and see if you can figure  
Anything beside that is not imitation  
Of something in Europe in this hybrid nation.  
Return to this globe five hundred years hence—  
You'll see how the fundamental color of the coon  
In art, in music, has altered our tune;  
We are destined to bow to their influence;  
There's a whole cult of music in Dixie alone  
And that is America put into tone."

And dear old Dick gathered speed and said:  
"Sometimes through Beethoven a vision arises  
To the words of Merneptah whose hands were red:  
'I shall live, I shall live, I shall grow, I shall grow,  
I shall wake up in peace, I shall thrill with the glow  
Of the life of Temur, the god who prizes  
Favorite souls and the souls of kings.'  
Now these are the words, and here is the dream,  
No wonder you think I am seeing things:  
The desert of Egypt shimmers in the gleam  
Of the noonday sun on my dazzled sight.  
And a giant negro as black as night  
Is walking by a camel in a caravan.  
His great back glistens with the streaming sweat.  
The camel is ridden by a light-faced man,  
A Greek perhaps, or Arabian.  
And this giant negro is rhythmically swaying  
With the rhythm of the camel's neck up and down.  
He seems to be singing, rollicking, playing;  
His ivory teeth are glistening, the Greek is listening  
To the negro keeping time like a tabouret.  
And what cares he for Memphis town,  
Merneptah the bloody, or Books of the Dead,  
Pyramids, philosophies of madness or dread?  
A tune is in his heart, a reality:  
The camel, the desert are things that be,  
He's a negro slave, but his heart is free."

Just then the colored waiter brought in the dinner.  
"Get a hustle on you, you miserable sinner,"  
Said dear old Dick to the colored waiter.  
"Heah's a nice piece of beef and a great big potato.  
I hopes yo'll enjoy 'em, sah, yas I do;  
Heah's black mustahd greens, 'specially for yo',  
And a fine piece of jowl that I swiped and took  
From a dish set by, by the git-away cook.  
I hope yo'll enjoy 'em, sah, yas I do."  
"Well, George," Dick said, "if Gabriel blew  
His horn this minute, you'd up and ascend  
To wait on St. Peter world without end."

♦♦♦♦

## The Goal of Labor

By Percy Werner

I N his "Principles of Political Economy," published, I believe, as early as 1848, John Stewart Mill, speaking of the industrial situation, wrote: "The form of association, however, which, if mankind continues to improve, must be expected in the end to predominate, is not that which can exist between a capitalist as chief and work people without a voice in the management, but the association of the laborers themselves, on terms of equality, collectively owning the capital with which they carry on their operations, and working under managers elected and removable by themselves."

This is the thesis which James J. Finn takes up and elaborates in fairly forcible style in "Operative Ownership" (Langdon & Co., Chicago). I believe that if he would restate the substance of his book in the form of an essay, he could do it well and would command as readers a greater number of the class

of men to whom it should appeal than his book is likely to reach.

I accept the basic proposition that the goal of Labor lies in the unification of the interests of capital and labor. The evolution of Labor (I use the word thus to indicate the industrial classes) towards this goal forms an interesting study. Prior to the modern factory system we had the apprentice who became the journeyman, and then the master workman, joining his guild and in turn employing apprentices and journeymen. With the advent of the modern factory system, with its ownership of machines and tools of production by a capitalist class, the wage-earning class was driven for self-protection to collective bargaining, and we witness the rise and progress of Trade Unionism, which negotiates with employers and works on legislative bodies, directly or through the medium of public opinion, for a fairer share of the product of their labor in the shape of wages, and for better conditions in the way of safety and sanitation. But the progress of Trade Unionism and its accomplishments on behalf of the industrial classes has been marked with strikes, lockouts, boycotts and black lists, all indicative of an irreconcilable warfare between capital and labor. Its best fruit is in the trade agreements entered into between labor unions and the employers in certain trades, whereby for definite periods wages are fixed, and hours, conditions of work and modes of settling differences are arranged for. Mr. Finn says of the accomplishments of trade unionism: "Trade unionism found the laboring man prone upon the earth at the feet of his capitalist master, with the master's foot upon his neck. It has raised him to an upright posture, head erect, and level with that of his master. It found him a cringing, fawning, suppliant thing. It has imbued him with a sense of the dignity of manhood and of the rights of labor. It found him without the spirit to look his master in the face and ask for what was his due—a just share of the wealth which he produced. It has inspired him with a sense of his deserts, and with the spirit to stand face to face and eye to eye with that master and to demand his rights—nor need he bow the head nor drop the eye in making his demand. It found him with the spirit of a slave, and it put into him the soul of a man!"

But despite what President Emeritus Charles W. Eliot wrote, and Mr. Finn quotes, "that the joint agreement is the real goal of unionism," it is perfectly evident from Mr. Finn's book that he has a keener appreciation of the true spirit of the struggle than had President Eliot. Mr. Finn believes that trade unionism is the instrument through which "the higher and ultimate destiny of the laboring classes is to be worked out—a state in which they shall have no employers with whom to wrangle about wages, and no trade agreements to make or to enforce, but in which the workers shall be their own capitalists, owning collectively the capital with which they carry on their productive operations." As he says: "Whoever, therefore, would set a goal for the achievement of organized labor, or set a limit to the aspirations of the laboring classes, short of the absolute industrial independence which is to be realized only by the collective ownership of the tools of industrial production by the several groups of persons who work with those tools, misconceives both the spirit of the laboring classes and the irresistible tendency of social development in the field of industrial production."

Mr. Finn writes in the spirit of a true fundamental democrat. He sees in his basic principle of *operative ownership*, i. e., the ownership of industrial establishments by the operatives collectively who are em-

played therein, the antidote to State Socialism, and he believes we must face one or the other alternative. As he says: "If the operatives are not to be allowed to participate in the management of the industry, the time will come when the state will participate in its management and will itself determine the extent of the participation." And Mr. Finn makes a strong appeal to Capital to treat fairly and openly with Labor, with the ultimate goal of operative ownership in view, rather than to force the laboring classes to resort to the ballot and to legislation, which must leave them both industrially under the control of the state. Mr. Finn examines the plans of profit-sharing, joint operation and joint ownership between capital and labor and shows that nothing short of the absolute unification of the interests of capital and labor will eliminate the more or less distracting and embittering differences which must continue to exist until such unification of interests is brought about.

And how is operative ownership to be brought about? Mr. Finn discusses this. He rightly sees that if this is left to the voluntary action of individual owners, the process will be a very slow one, though he instances several cases in which it has occurred. He suggests the use by the state of the power of eminent domain to compel owners to sell to groups of operatives of established credit. Even if the power of eminent domain could be so stretched constitutionally, we should not be able to endorse its use for this purpose. That the state should be asked to wrest from one or from a small number of owners their private property for the benefit of a larger group, because the change of ownership might incidentally redound to the public welfare, smacks to me of the very spirit of state socialism which Mr. Finn repudiates. But when Mr. Finn advocates the extension of *state credit* to reliable groups under due safeguards, and shows it to be to the best interests, when properly understood, of the capitalist owner to sell out to the operative group and to take his position, it may be, in the ranks with his former employees and participate in the industrial self-government which results, then I am in entire accord with him. He points significantly to the Irish Land Purchase Act and its accomplishments in the use of government credit to enable tenant farmers to relieve themselves of oppressive rents and become owners of the land they cultivate.

Mr. Finn well points out the resultant advantages of operative ownership in the raising of the wage-earning classes to industrial independence, in the self-government of industrial groups rather than in their appeal for state intervention and regulation, in their increased respect for the institution of private property upon which our very civilization is based, of the conservative influence of ownership in the matter of voting for public expenditures, of the removal of the present danger of denying to property its just reward through legislative interference and of thus unsettling values and destroying confidence, and of the strength brought to capital, now at the mercy of demagogues, through the identification directly and substantially of the interests of labor with its own, by bringing to its support the vote which under present conditions it alienates, and by such alliance insuring the moral and political support of labor. "It is better," he concludes, "to give labor a voice in the management of industry than to have the management, in large measure, taken over by the state in the form of government regulation. In other words, it is wiser for capital to share with labor the management and the profits of industry than to have the government control the one and cut down the other. If capital will not take the hand of labor extended in a spirit of friendly and interested co-operation, it will at no distant day be made to feel the hand of government extended in a spirit of unfriendly regulation."

There is an inevitable tendency for political institutions to be reflected in their accompanying social and industrial institutions. The tendency of political self-government to thus reflect itself in our indus-

trial institutions is manifest. Our democratic institutions may not be, are not, as at present conceived, the most efficient, but to make the world safe for democracy surely does not mean to make it safe for inefficiency. It is never safe to harbor inefficiency. Democracy must make itself efficient. I strongly recommend the study of operative ownership to both trade unionist and capitalist in the firm belief that it points in the direction of democratic efficiency.

♦♦♦♦

## Jesus of the Scars

By Edward Shillito

*"He showed them His hands and His side."—St. John, C.XX.V.20.*

IF we have never sought we seek thee now;  
Thine eyes burn through the dark, our only stars;  
We must have sight of thorn-pricks on Thy brow,  
We must have Thee, O Jesus of the scars.

The heavens frighten us, they are too calm;  
In all the universe we have no place.  
Our wounds are hurting us; where is the balm?  
Lord Jesus, by Thy scars we claim Thy grace.

If when the doors are shut, thou drawest near,  
Only reveal those hands, that side of Thine;  
We know to-day what wounds are, have no fear—  
Show us Thy scars, we know the countersign.

The other gods were strong; but Thou wast weak;  
They rode, but Thou didst stumble to a throne;  
But to our wounds only God's wounds can speak,  
And not a god has wounds, but Thou alone.

—From the Westminster Gazette.

♦♦♦♦

## The Old Bookman

CONFESSIONS OF LEARNED IGNORANCE

By Horace Flack

XXI. A MARTIN'S NEST AT SELBORNE.

GILBERT WHITE knew his own mind. He held his ground. It was his own ground. There was not much of it. As a spot on the planet earth, as part of the solar system, it was too small to be seen with the strongest telescope from the planet Mars. It was only the little village of Selborne, unknown on earth except as Gilbert White lived in it. During his lifetime it was no more noticed than he was, while he was making the best of it. If he did make the best of it, it was because he knew his own mind. He knew that it was not fit to be spread over the entire solar system. He knew that even if the planet Earth were barely a speck among the worlds controlled by the sun which shone on Selborne, such a mind as his would fail him if he should undertake to learn the whole earth. He had no "delusions of grandeur." He believed that his mind would not fail him if he undertook to use it in learning everything he could of the life of his own village. He was right. As in this sense—the most important, the highest sense of all—he knew his own mind and relied on it for results, it was reliable. The result was "The Natural History of Selborne," first published in the year of the fall of Bastille.

Because of this coincidence in dates, it is said that Gilbert White "was more concerned with the course of events in a martin's nest than with the crash of empires." If this were true, it might be said that the laws of the universe through which all empires must crash as they fall into inevitable ruin, are always working for fuller life in such quietness as

that of the martin's nest, and such peace as that of the soul of the man whom a brooding bird could trust so far that she would not move when he came to visit her. With life feeding on life in endless fear through tens and hundreds of centuries since the unknown beginnings of parasitic life on this planet, the man who knew his own mind, and used it to learn his own ground, might ask the universe one fair question, if only one, and demand an answer—a fair and true answer—with no shirking, no cringing, no evasion, no stream of words flowing to the ocean of lies: "Take away fear, and what follows?" There is only one answer to be found in the course of events in a martin's nest—"Peace." And Gilbert White of Selborne, knowing his own mind and his own ground, was no coward. He was no more afraid of French Jacobins than of British dukes. He was not afraid of men, or beasts, or devils. Or of peace! He could hold his peace. He held it. A world in arms, threatening the spread of terror around the planet as never before, could not break the peace with him, or prevent him from holding the peace without which he could not have learned that "when redstarts shake their tails, they move them horizontally."

If this does not seem important as news from a battlefield, it is because we fail to give it connection. A wren or a redstart may be worth more to God than Moloch or Mammon. How does the mind of an office-holder, hereditary or elective, move when he is preparing to incubate a plot for increasing his own importance at the expense of "striking terror" to the souls of all who can be intimidated? It is my belief that Gilbert White knew as much of this subject as any man in the eighteenth century. Perhaps more than any other. And still he was not afraid. He held his own ground and did his own duty, because he knew his own mind.

As the sun rises on any single acre of the earth's surface, the laws which control the entire planet and the entire system of planets which the sun is swinging through space begin to become visible—never more fully visible than when most unseen. Knowledge of them as they work results on any single acre, has in it more power for good than has ever been used or imagined on earth. They can be seen only in peace. No man who feels the universal terror of life preying on life can see them. Only those who no longer feel fear can see them. As they are seen by such, it is only by a world at peace that they can be used except at the cost of its own destruction. This we will learn when we learn from Gilbert White of Selborne to know our own minds.

♦♦♦♦

## Ghosts

By Scudder Middleton

THE ghosts of the spring are haunting autumn—  
The sighing wind and the sobbing rain;  
I hear them come in the dusk and mutter,  
Searching the land for their loves again—  
For the pale new rose and the green vine twining,  
For the beautiful grass and the singing grain;  
Out of the gray of the day they wander  
Over the land for their loves again.

The ghosts of my youth are haunting my heart—  
The simple trust and the dreams long slain;  
I feel them come in the wind and water,  
Searching my heart for their boy again—  
For the wondering child with the eyes of laughter,  
For the glorious joy untouched by pain;  
Out of the dusk and the rain they wander,  
Searching my heart for their boy again.

From "Streets and Faces."



## Letters From the People

### Dr. Newton's Pulpit

St. Louis, August 4th, 1917.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

In the course of your interesting remarks concerning Joseph Ford Newton you make the error quite common to those who are unacquainted with English non-conformity. The pulpit Dr. Newton now occupies was once filled by Dr. Joseph Parker and the Rev. R. J. Campbell.

As a former attendant at Spurgeon's Tabernacle, I wanted you to have the facts. The Rev. A. C. Dixon, a brother of the author, Thomas Dixon, is pastor at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, usually called Spurgeon's Tabernacle.

The theological differences that exist between the churches are so great that Mr. Spurgeon refused to associate with Dr. Parker. The City Temple was made notorious through the ministrations of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, the author of "The New Theology," who is now an Episcopal curate in Birmingham Cathedral.

Yours respectfully,  
BENJ. H. HADDOCK.

### We Apologize

St. Louis, Aug. 4, 1917.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

I want to call your attention to an article which appears in the current issue of the MIRROR on tennis courts, etc., in which you touch on the fact that St. Louis has electrically lighted tennis courts in Forest park. The courts above referred to are illuminated with Humphrey gas arc lamps and gas furnished by the Laclede Gas Light Company. As far as I know there are no electrically lighted courts in St. Louis. All courts on which night play is being held are illuminated by gas arcs and the following are some of the courts:

Catholic Women's Association, Vandeventer and McPherson.

Young Men's Hebrew Association, Morgan, west of Grand.

Courts in Forest park referred to in your article. Mr. Cunliff last week authorized us to equip the following additional courts for gas arc lamps:

Six in Forest park at Kingshighway and Clayton; six in Fairgrounds park; eight in Forest park, at the Memorial building.

Believing that you might want to make a correction, I am giving you this information.

Very truly yours,

J. J. BURNS.

Supt., Commercial Department, Laclede Gas Light Company.

### Osteopathy vs. Chiropractic

18 East 41st Street,  
New York, July 25, 1917.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

After having read your able article upon your visit to East Aurora, I cannot refrain from expressing a few words in reference to the remarks of a Mr. Carver, chiropractor, and your deduction from his remarks that his science must be an advancement upon osteopathy.

I have been naturally attracted to your

periodical, not only as a single taxpayer but also because of the rationality of your views, and I therefore feel compelled to give you a little of the truth regarding chiropractic.

One Palmer, once a magnetic healer, of Des Moines, located adjoining an osteopath, since dead, from whom he obtained his first knowledge of osteopathy. He had no knowledge of osteopathy nor the science of same, though it had been established many years before this.

I do not recall from my history of the case whether or not he eventually took a course at any recognized college, so I cannot truthfully state that he positively had no knowledge of the science at college.

I can well understand your question as to the problematic value of chiropractic as a therapeutic science when prescribed by one such as Carver, but he mentions only a part of the truth in referring to the principles under which he applies his science.

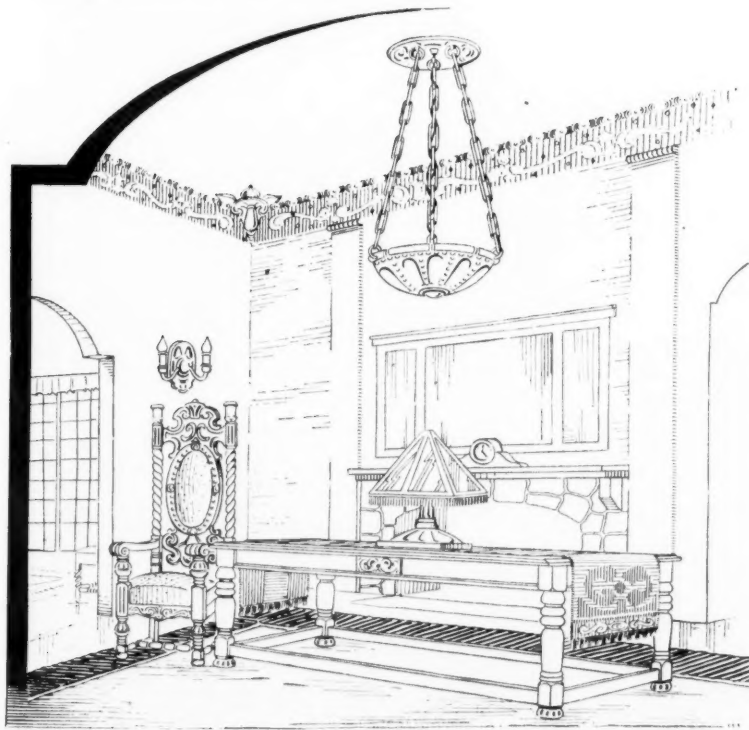
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Olive and Locust, from Ninth to Tenth

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**ORIENTAL RUGS**

PRICES ALWAYS REASONABLE

**Special Department for Cleaning and Repairing Rugs**

Cleanest and Best Work Done in the City

The science of osteopathy has one fundamental principle which is, "the rule of the arteries is supreme." This means to imply that whenever nutrition is deficient or in excess, errors in the functions of the body take place. Thus not only the bony framework but the soft tissues, the organs and the blood vessels are the areas to be considered.

I have no fault to find with the chiropractor who has fitted himself with a thorough knowledge of pathology and therapeutics, for then he is as equally qualified as myself or any other osteopath who understands and treats disease; but it is the lack of this knowledge that has been the cause of the failure of the chiropractor to obtain official recognition and he will continue to fail until the standards of his profession are raised

to include what is essential to the physician.

In your remarks you state that chiropractic is probably an advancement on osteopathy. How can such be the case? For as to whether chiropractic is an advancement on osteopathy, the mere application of some mechanical technique would not establish superiority of the profession but of an individual. The fundamentals, if he were to express himself clearly, would be the same, as interference with the nutrition necessarily involves disturbance of the nervous system. The chiropractor advances nothing new and is constantly being called to account for taking possession of osteopathic literature and claiming it as his own.

In calling your attention to this matter, my only object is to endeavor to

give you something by which you may compare these two.

Respectfully yours,  
MORRIS M. BRILL, D.O.

#### Information Wanted

38 St. Botolph St., Boston, Mass.  
August 5, 1917.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

In your issue for July 27, just as in several previous issues, you make the claim that the railroads of this country are unable to provide equipment and facilities adequate to meet the demands on them because the public rate-making authorities refuse to allow them to raise their rates. This fact, you say, compels the railroads to get along with such small profits that their securities cannot be sold to the public; and therefore they cannot raise the funds needed for additional equipment and other facilities. Now I am not a socialist; but during the past twelve years I have owned the stock of various railroads and have studied their reports.

To take a few typical companies, the latest reports available show that on December 31, 1916, they had the following surpluses after paying all expenses, taxes, fixed charges and dividends for a long period of years:

C. B. & Q.	\$105,088,276
St. Paul	42,247,364
C. & N. W.	48,174,181
Nor. Pac.	98,603,198
D. L. & W.	46,987,405
Gt. Nor.	60,279,826
N. Y. Central	65,282,934
So. Pac.	192,133,630
Union Pacific	138,739,917

Now, since these surpluses have been increased practically every year for many years—and in the case of the Lackawanna the surplus is larger than the total amount of capital stock outstanding—why cannot the railroads use some of their surplus to buy needed equipment and build double trackage and new terminals?

I ask for information, not controversy; still, if my memory serves me correctly, one of the arguments you used a few years ago (1913?) to urge the 5 per cent increase asked at that time by the railroads, was that they would use it for new equipment, trackage and terminals. They got the increase, but did they use it in that way?

Sincerely yours,

KENNETH B. ELLIMAN.

♦♦♦

McTavish was a man who wanted what he wanted when he wanted it, and was not a bit backward in saying so. He went into an expensive restaurant and placed his modest order. At last the waiter came to him and said: "Excuse me, sir, but don't you think it out of the question that you should occupy the principal table in this café and order only one bottle of ginger ale?" "Who are ye that's speakin' to me like that?" asked McTavish. "The manager." "Then," said McTavish, "ye're the verra man I wanted to see. Whit for's the band no' playin'?"

♦♦♦

She came in quite hurriedly after the musicale had begun. "Have I missed much?" she asked. "What are they playing now?" "The Ninth Symphony." "Oh, goodness! Am I really as late as that?"—*New York Times*.

## The August Furniture Sale Still Rich in Variety

THIS is a sale of furniture of character and quality. The quantities involved are so great that every need, large or small, can be fully satisfied. Many opportunities are afforded home makers to practice economy.

Months ago we placed our orders with several of

America's most reputable furniture builders. The prices then were

much less than those asked in the furniture market today. Anticipate your needs now and pocket the substantial savings now offered you. For your convenience furniture can be bought on our deferred payment plan if desired.



Fourth Floor

### Famous and Barr Co.

ENTIRE BLOCK: OLIVE, LOCUST, SIXTH AND SEVENTH.

Largest Distributors of  
Merchandise at Retail  
in Missouri or the West.

We Give Eagle Stamps and Redeem Full  
Books for \$2 in Cash or \$2.50 in Merchandise  
—Few Restricted Articles Excepted.

### A Baby in the Trenches

Edgar von Schmidt-Pauli, a Prussian cavalry officer, who has been on the western front, has written for the German newspapers the following remarkable incident which he and his men witnessed recently:

"Donnerwetter—what a hellish noise! Above me shells are bursting and all around me is the rat-tat-tat of machine guns.

"It is just before dawn and the fog is so thick that one can scarcely see a yard ahead. All we know is that our troops during the night stormed and captured the French village over yonder. I want to see how our left wing is situated, and therefore ride to the village, where the enemy's bullets are falling as thick as hailstones during a heavy thunderstorm. The fog continues thick, but it is not cold.

"I find a shelter where other cavalrymen are taking a little rest and at once proceed to get some needed sleep myself, ordering the lieutenant to rouse me in case of necessity.

"Suddenly I am awakened by a peculiar, uncomfortable stillness—as is the case often where a sleeper is awakened either by a sudden noise or the cessation of noise. As I emerge from

the dugout the lieutenant winks at me somewhat mischievously and points directly in front of him. Carefully I raise my head over the top of the trench to get a view of things.

"The sun has risen and the fog has disappeared. In front of us is a meadow, and there, midway between our trenches and those of the enemy, is—God, it is impossible, it must be a delusion!—a Fata Morgana; but no—there in the middle of the field, crawling on hands and knees, is a little child, a baby. It appears perfectly happy and contented, and seems to be enjoying itself. Not a sound is to be heard, not a shot is fired. Every man has become dumb from amazement.

"A child has fallen from heaven!" cries a soldier near me.

"Well, that is about the case, for where else could that child have come from?"

"Before my weary brain can summon up any convincing reasons how that child got out there—whether some poor mother lost it in the panic due to the battle of the night before—a German soldier jumps out of the trench and runs to where the child is crawling about. Absolute stillness prevails in the trenches, and only to our right,

from which this extraordinary sight is hidden by a clump of trees, is the sound of gunfire heard.

"And this spot, which all through the night has been a veritable inferno of shot and shell, is now like some peaceful island or a cool, friendly oasis in a burning desert.

"Over there in the enemy's trenches we can see the helmets of the Frenchmen as they peer over the edges. No one is any longer thinking of the enemy or the war or of danger. All eyes are on the tall soldier and the child which he is approaching. And as he picks up that little, frightened, helpless piece of humanity and fondly takes it in his arms, a laugh, a low, friendly laugh, passes along our entire column. The laugh is infectious, and we can feel how it is going along the ranks over yonder. And suddenly—what, are they going to shoot?—no, on the contrary a great wave of applause with shouts of 'Bravo!' from thousands of French throats breaks the stillness. Then, as the soldier jumps back into our trench with the child safely in his arms, our ranks, too, burst into a triumphant shout which passes all along the line.

"Even for some time after not a shot is fired. It is as if we felt ashamed



of ourselves, and no one touched a gun while that child was in our midst.

"When the firing did start again it was rather desultory and indifferent, and there was nothing dangerous about it. That little child had worked a wonderful change in the hearts of both friend and foe that morning."

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## Marts and Money

Wall street affairs and feelings show a little improvement, mainly on account of covering of short commitments in industrial and mining stocks that a multitude of traders had been enthusiastically pessimistic upon at recent low levels. The daily totals of transfers are slim, however. They are indicative not only of the restrictive influences of the canine season, but also of persisting apathy among the ranks of unprofessional speculators. A year ago brokers pointed with pride to records of sales varying from 1,000,000 to 2,000,000 shares per day. At present they have to be satisfied with records of 250,000 to 450,000. They are hopeful, however. They believe that business should pick up materially before October 1. It almost always does, they say, when fall is drawing near—did so last year. Their faith may reach fulfillment. For there's a lot of pent-up desire to speculate *à la hausse*. In the past few days numerous manipulative coteries have been at work to draw it out in furtherance of their shrewd purposes. But their endeavors did not prove strikingly successful. As usual they made Steel common the principal feature of enticement. They raised the price of it to 126 $\frac{1}{4}$ , or almost eight points over the low notch of some weeks since—118 $\frac{1}{8}$ . Further enhancement is confidently predicted. Clever maneuvers are conducted likewise in Baldwin Locomotive, Crucible Steel, Central Leather, Tobacco Products, Distillers' Securities, Mexican Petroleum, and a few other pet propositions of this class. In addition, the prices of leading copper issues are slowly being advanced to the accompaniment of intimations of the imminence of enormous contracts for foreign account at an average price of not less than 27 cents a pound for electrolytic. Some cranky pessimists assert that President Wilson will never permit the fixation of such a figure, because it would be contrary to his recent dictum that profiteering cannot be tolerated in times such as these. Their words are given very scant attention, though. To the ordinary speculator it's enough that the contract story was allowed some space in the *Wall Street Journal*. He pricks up his ears, also, when reminded that similar purchasing for foreign governments made its appearance in the autumn of 1916. Inspiration Copper was worth 52 $\frac{1}{2}$  in the middle of July; its current quotation is 58, against 74 $\frac{3}{4}$  last November. For Anaconda, the respective figures are 74 and 78 and 105 $\frac{3}{4}$ . For Utah, 101, 107, and 130. With reference to strike troubles at the mines, it now is taken for granted that they will shortly come to an end.

The incipient bulge in Steel common was not seriously hurt by the publication of the statement for the three months

ended June 30. The decline did not exceed two points. Evidently the exhibit had been discounted by the previous drop from 136 $\frac{5}{8}$  to 118 $\frac{1}{8}$ . It set many traders to thinking, however. It brought it home to them in concrete fashion that war taxation threatens to assume portentous dimensions. The corporation reported net earnings of \$144,498,000—a new absolute maximum. But taxes aggregating \$53,918,000 cut the amount to \$90,579,204. As it would now appear, the excess profit tax for the first quarter has been underestimated by approximately \$33,865,000. For the six months ended June 30, the corporation appropriated \$43,000,000 for additions and new construction; it also paid a Red Cross dividend of \$5,083,025. While it is conceded in stock exchange circles that the corporation still is in exceptionally prosperous condition, it is insisted, at the same time, that a long war must inevitably cause progressive shrinkage in the margin of net profit. The justness of this opinion is obvious, even if full allowance is made for the certainty of simultaneous expansion in the volume of business. After all deductions, including the dividend on the preferred stock, the report for the second quarter disclosed a balance of \$62,568,617 for the common stock, equal to \$12.31, or to \$49.24 per annum. This result does not substantially vary from my recent estimate, which took account of the effects of approximate war taxation on the corporation's dividend-paying capacity. I tentatively placed the quarterly amount applicable to the common stock at \$10. I said "it would be equal to not less than 10 per cent." I also stated that in such event it might be deemed advisable to order a reduction in the quarterly total of regular and extra disbursements. News as to additional war taxation should be closely followed from now on. As I predicted on the same occasion, the corporation has again declared \$4.25 per share. Additional advances in the value of the common stock would not be astonishing, notwithstanding the probability of a lower dividend rate three or six months hence. Insiders know their business.

The directorial powers of the U. S. Industrial Alcohol Co. have titillated Wall street's hunger for sensations by announcing a dividend of 16 per cent for 1916 and a like one for 1917, or 32 per cent in all. They let it be known at the same time that this rate of payment can be maintained indefinitely, even after the termination of the war. The current price of the stock (common) is 164, against 171 $\frac{1}{2}$  on June 13 last. Before August, 1914, it was considered extremely risky to buy at 15. We are informed that the rise in the price since then has brought large profits to Hebraic holders, who had been astute enough three years ago to foresee the company's wonderful future. There always is romancing of this silly sort, especially in newspaper columns, after spectacular stunts or hold-ups on the stock exchange in New York, or the board of trade in Chicago. It gratifies vulgar curiosity and credulity.

The money market is in a placid condition, notwithstanding an offering of \$300,000,000 of 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent treasury

## Fall Suits and Coats

Are Coming in Daily

THERE is a welcome note of newness to the garments that are now arriving.

THE new materials will first claim your attention, while the distinctive lines will quickly impress one.

The moderate prices, too, are a principal charm, especially when one notes the excellent tailoring and the distinctive modes.

Splendid showings are made at \$24.75, \$29.75 and up to \$89.75.

(Third Floor.)



## Our Tailoring Dept.

Which is in charge of Mr. and Mrs. A. Brandt, is ready for the Fall Season.

The authentic fall modes are now displayed, and a complete line of materials is shown. Many made-up models are on display.

We will give our Annual Discount on orders given for Suits or Coats during August.

Delivery will be made on orders taken during August at the convenience of the purchaser.

(Fourth Floor.)

## Stix, Baer & Fuller

GRAND-LEADER

SIXTH-WASHINGTON-SEVENTH & LUCAS

certificates, payable November 15. It is inferred from this that the second installment of the Liberty loan will have been issued by that date. The total of it is placed at \$3,000,000,000. The latest quotations for Liberty bonds ranged from 99.32 to 99.45. Figures for other prominent bond issues denote changes of little or no importance. The tendency still seems to be downward, however. The New York rate for six-month loans has risen from 4 $\frac{3}{4}$  to 5 per cent, but that for call loans remains at 3 per cent, or thereabouts. Drafts on foreign nations are quoted at previous rates. The latest weekly statement of the Bank of England reported a decline from 18.35 to 17.50 in the reserve ratio. Some interest was aroused in Wall street by renewed imports of gold from London, via Canada. In all probability they are anticipative of another period of stiffening in loan rates. In this connection it should be noted that many banking institutions report sharp reductions in their deposits since the flotation of the Liberty loan. A process of rectification will undoubtedly be witnessed in the near future. New issues of corporate securities in July aggregated to \$135,282,000, against \$136,309,000 for the like month in 1916. The

sum total of new financing since January 1 is estimated at \$1,081,000,000, against \$1,470,000,000 for the corresponding seven months of last year.

Prices for railroad shares give no indication as yet of a real revival in demand. Speculators are fighting shy of certificates of this variety, numerous bull tips notwithstanding. There is quite a good inquiry, however, for short-term notes of prominent systems, particularly for such as yield not less than 5 per cent on the invested funds. Bonds of distant maturities are not much sought for, and will not be, probably, until after the end of the conflict.

The latest estimates regarding the cotton crop presage a total of 12,000,000 bales at least. This is noteworthy improvement over calculations of a month ago. Since consumption is considerably in excess of production, quoted prices cannot be expected to decline to any serious extent. The New Orleans cotton exchange puts last year's excess at more than 2,000,000 bales. Owing to the extraordinary shipping situation, there is a wide difference in cotton prices as quoted at New York and Liverpool. It is about 11 cents a pound. Prior to the war the difference was about 1 cent a pound. What strange



times, teeming with perplexing possibilities, we are living in, my friends!

#### Finance in St. Louis.

Despite calorific weather, business was quite active and broad in the local stock market. There was a keen demand for some popular issues, with prices firm and tending upward. Particularly favored was National Candy common, the price for which was raised to 36, the best level on record. More than a thousand shares were transferred. The first and second preferred shares remained quiet, with no important changes in quoted values. One hundred shares of Ely-Walker D. G. common brought 110; this, too, means a new top for the present upward movement. Ten shares of the second preferred brought 84.50. Four hundred and ten Wagner Electric Manufacturing were sold at 190 to 200. The stock could be bought at 160 three months ago. It is likely that the recent maximum of 205 will be surpassed in the very near future. Sizable amounts can be secured only by bidding up the price a point or two. The regular dividend rate is 8 per cent. One hundred and sixty shares of Certain-teed Products common were taken at 49 to 49.75—figures previously effective; twenty-five Missouri Portland Cement at 80; seventy Hamilton-Brown Shoe at 137.50; twenty International Shoe common at 97.50; five Brown Shoe preferred at 97.25; \$1,000 St. Louis Brewing 6s at 72.

Quotations for United Railways bonds and shares were steady and a little higher. Of the 4 per cent bonds, \$32,000 brought 60.75 to 61.50, and one hundred and sixty shares of the preferred stock, 22.50 to 23.25. One thousand dollars East St. Louis & Suburban 5s brought 80. The market for securities of this kind continues narrow most of the time. Traders are not willing to invest large amounts in them. They remember the severe losses recorded in prices in the past ten years.

There were no interesting changes in the prices of leading bank and trust company shares; nor was business in this department at all lively. For the time being it is a draw between intending sellers and buyers. Monetary conditions are satisfactory. Time loans still are quoted at 5 to 5½ per cent, and commercial paper at 4¾ to 5. The daily and weekly totals of clearings indicate that the commercial, financial and industrial communities of St. Louis are doing a great business.

#### Latest Quotations.

	Bid	Asked
Nat. Bank of Commerce	117	
United Railways com.	6	6½
do pfd.	22½	23
do 4s	61½	61¾
St. L. & Sub. gen. 5s	70	71
East St. L. & Sub. 5s	80	
Laclede Gas pfd.		97
do 5s	100	
Certain-teed com.	50	50½
do 2d.		90
Missouri Edison 5s	97	98
St. L. Cotton Compress		45
Ely & Walker com.	115¼	116
do 1st pfd.	105	
do 2d pfd.	85	
International Shoe com.	97	98
Rice-Stix com.	220	230
do 1st	111¼	113
Hydraulic P. Brk. com.		2
Consolidate Coal	57½	60
American Bakery com.	12½	14
Century Electric	200	
Hamilton-Brown	143½	145
St. L. Screw	226	
St. L. Brew. Assn. 6s		72½
Ind. Brew. 1st pfd.	8	
do 6s		47
National Candy com.	37½	38

Wagner Electric	200
Miss. R. & Bonne T. 5s	98
Rocky Mt. com.	30 32

#### Answers to Inquiries.

**SPECULATOR, St. Louis.**—Chile Copper is wholly speculative. There are no dividends in sight. While the properties controlled are very valuable, it will take much money and time to develop them to the proper extent. Stockholders may have to wait two years longer before finances will permit of a remitting of dividend cheques. Prospects for an extensive rise in the price of the stock (now 20¼) are not bright. Last year's top was 39¼. Under propitious conditions in the general market, there might be an advance to 28 in the coming two or three months.

**W. W. H., Shelbina, Mo.**—The Missouri Pacific refunding 5s, maturing in 1926, are a meritorious investment, and well worth the ruling price of 90½. They are not very active, as a rule. In prevailing circumstances in international finance, a substantial rise in the quotation cannot fairly be looked for. Holders of the bonds should be patient, therefore, and find comfort in the probability of a gratifying turn for the better after restoration of normal conditions.

**IN DOUBT, Leavenworth, Kans.**—The common stock of the Certain-teed Products Corporation is a promising speculation, with growing intrinsic merits. The current quotation of 49.50 is approximately representative of its true value. Would strongly recommend holding for at least a year. Finances of the property are in good state. For the six months ended June 30 last, sales amounted to \$4,150,000, and net profits to \$627,559. The latter amount covers the dividend on the first preferred five times over. After payment of this and the sum due on the second preferred, the report shows \$7.80 a share on the common stock for the six months, or over \$15 for the full year. The corporation has no bonds or notes outstanding.

**FINANCIER, Miles, City, Mont.**—The break of \$25 in the price of Montana Power Co. common since last December was the consequence, mostly, of the reactionary drift in the entire stock market. In the past two months, special injury was done by the pronounced weakness of most all public service issues, as also by prolonged labor troubles in the Butte, Anaconda, Great Falls districts. It is not believed that the 5 per cent dividend is in danger of reduction. You should hold the stock for a considerable recovery by and by, though it is doubtful if 106 will again be reached before January 1.

**R. H. McA., Nacogdoches, Tex.**—Since Studebaker common has declined \$140 since the autumn of 1915 and about \$55 since last January, it would appear that the present price of 54 affords a speculative opportunity of no mean sort. This, despite the probability of a cut to 5 or 6 per cent in the yearly dividend rate. Whether the stock still is heavily oversold is hard to say; it is quite likely, though, and if so, then the quotation might be run up ten or fifteen points, temporarily, if general conditions marketwise are at all propitious.

**SUBSCRIBER, Toledo, O.**—The value of Erie common is affected by conditions

## "Saving for Investment"

What do you do with your surplus funds when they pass the \$500 mark?

Have you studied the difference between investing in enterprises, ownerships and obligations?

How do you choose between good bonds and others?

The writer of "Saving for Investment" has endeavored to answer these questions. His answers may interest you. A copy of the booklet is yours on request.

## Mississippi Valley Trust Company

FOURTH and PINE

bearing hard upon all stocks of its class. The ruling price of 25 represents a depreciation of nearly \$18 when compared with the top record of 1916. About eleven years ago, the stock was rated as high as 52¾. It would be inadvisable for you to sell at a serious loss. Some improvement in the price will undoubtedly be seen before long. If you have no faith in the ultimate outcome, limit your loss as much as possible.

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## Social Psychology

"An Introduction to Social Psychology" is the title of a recent work by Charles A. Ellwood, Ph.D. Dr. Ellwood is the Professor of Sociology in the University of Missouri and has previously written a number of books on that subject, among them "Sociology and Modern Problems," "Sociology in its Psychological Aspects" and "The Social Problem." He is one of the country's recognized authorities in this line.

In "An Introduction to Social Psychology," Prof. Ellwood defines sociology, "as the science which deals with the origin, development, structure and function of the reciprocal relation of individuals." In other words, it deals with the whole theory of the organization and evolution of our social life. The influences that have operated to produce what we know as the social fact of today are very complex and the author traces them and analyzes them with great skill and erudition.

The social life is essentially psychical. Customs, usages, traditions, social standards, civilization itself, all may be resolved into elements that are psychical. This does not mean, however, that society is purely a psychic fact. There is the physical fact that is the basis of life, and while this must be taken into account, the author thinks that it is the psychical forces that have exercised the essential influences in shaping society. He thinks that intelligence is selective even in its earliest beginnings. The function of what we know as mind is to bring about rapid, short-cut adaptations of the physical organism, of which it is a part, to its environment and to the selection from the countless stimuli that reach it of those most necessary to the maintenance of its activities. The response to these stimuli and the development in the powers of selection may be considered the method of social evolution and we thus see that society has been constituted by mind.

Social evolution undoubtedly sprang from the necessities of the life process. The most imperative of these were, of course, nutrition and reproduction. Both processes in the higher forms of life have involved an increasing interdependence among organisms of the same species. From this basis sprang the family, from this the union of groups of families, which expanded into the tribe, the small state and the greater political association we know to-day. "Social life must be regarded as a higher, more complex unity of a psychic character developed out of a primitive biological unity."

Many writers have been inclined to make the necessities of defense the energy that has developed the group life. Professor Ellwood does not agree with this assumption, although he believes that in some instances this necessity had an important bearing. He does not agree with the theory that the lower we go in the human scale the more combative man is found to be, but on the contrary he says that primitive man was a peaceful animal. It is only when he reaches the stage we call barbarism that his war-like instincts are found to have developed, due to the contact of group with group.

Many bearings of the great subject are discussed, such as the influence of heredity and instinct, habit and environment, the long period of man's immaturity, the kinetic theory as to matter, the passive, hedonistic and egoistic theories as to human nature, of intellect and the emotions, and conflicts within the social groups. Two long chapters are devoted to the nature of social unity and another to the nature of social continuity. Other chapters discuss the influence of change under normal and abnormal conditions and the conscious and unconscious factors that have operated to bring them about. Another is given to the effect of sympathy in the creation of society.

Professor Ellwood calls his book an "introduction" to social psychology. To the author in his vast knowledge of sociology it may seem an introduction, but to nearly anyone else it will appear to have covered the ground fully. The book is published by the Appletons.

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*She*—Don't you think Friday is a very unlucky day on which to be married?

*He*—Why—er—yes, of course; but why pick on poor Friday.—Puck.



# The Summer Scourge

By Peter Norton

Hay fever! What agonies does it not suggest to thousands of people the world over! Particularly to English-speaking peoples, whatsoever section of the globe they may inhabit, since they are known to suffer intensely while persons of other nationalities living in the same community are exempt. A modern disease, peculiar to civilization, disagreeable, painful, in some instances hereditary, of annual recurrence, from which the sole escape is temporary exile, it has no effect on longevity; on the contrary it seems to act as a sort of safety valve in preventing other and more serious maladies. For these and other reasons it is considered by physicians next to tuberculosis one of the most interesting of diseases. At first it was thought to have been caused by heat, strong light, ozone; it is now generally attributed to an irritation of the nasal mucous by the pollen from ragweed and the flowers of grasses, an underlying predisposition to the disease being granted.

Hay fever was known by various names and in various forms as early as 1565 but it was only in the 1850s that it became generally recognized as a distinct disease and treated as such. Since that time learned doctors have written voluminously as to its origin or causation and cure, notwithstanding which it has yearly grown more prevalent.

One of the latest books on the subject is "Hay Fever: Its Prevention and Cure," by Dr. Wm. C. Hollopeter (Funk & Wagnalls, New York)—for twenty-five years professor of pediatrics in the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia—who has devoted the past twenty years to a thorough study of this disease and has been uniformly successful in its cure. Dr. Hollopeter traces the history of the disease from its earliest known date and briefly gives the theory of its cause and cure as presented by his medical predecessors. He concludes that hay fever does not occur without the conjunction of the following three necessary factors: an external air-borne irritant, a sensitive or diseased nasal mucous membrane, and an unstable nerve center. The latter two constitute a predisposition to the disease which may develop suddenly without apparent reason. In other words, in hay fever there is always an exciting agent (the pollen of grasses) and a system predisposed by debility of some character to the influence of this irritant. Psychic cause is freely charged—neurotic sufferers are said to be particularly susceptible and auto-suggestion largely responsible for its annual recurrence.

In view of the importance of auto-suggestion as stated above, one might question why the book should be recommended to laymen. The symptoms of the disease are recounted in detail and one is informed that many people suffer from it while under the impression their case is no more serious than a summer cold. A careful reading of the book will convince any neurotic that his summer cold is in reality hay fever and send him posthaste to a doctor, for the treatment could hardly be administered by a mere layman; although Dr. Hollopeter says his treatment is extremely simple, he specifically insists that the greatest care in the applications he prescribes is essential.

Indeed to the lay mind the book is full of contradictions. One reads that once acquired hay fever is seldom lost but increases with each succeeding year; pitted against this, one has Dr. Hollopeter's statement that he has been uniformly successful in its treatment and cure over a period of twenty years. The pollen of ragweed and the flowers of certain grasses is given as the main exciting factor; yet hay fever is admitted to be more prevalent in urban than rural districts. Dr. Hollopeter states he can cure hay fever without exile from home; elsewhere in the book he states that only the sea affords total immunity, and then he proceeds to instance two sufferers whom even the sea gave no relief! Doubtless the exception which proves the rule. Dr. Hollopeter submits the methods of many eminent specialists and admits that each has been proved to be good; one differs radically from the others, as do they all from Dr. Hollopeter's own—the efficacy of which he has established. Plainly, hay fever is a most mysterious disease, concerning the cause and cure of which the medical profession is at war within itself.

The publishers offer this book to laymen as well as physicians, saying that every victim should know the history of the disease, its cause, how it may be prevented and its treatment. As a layman I recommend it to other laymen who may be victims of hay fever. It convinces me of one thing—that medicine is a fearful and inexact science. But since there are so many divergent and contradictory ways of treating hay fever and since the treatment is more or less a matter of conjecture the patient's preference might as well prevail. However, I do not believe the medical profession will recommend the book indiscriminately to the general public, though they may seize upon it eagerly for themselves. It reveals too many professional secrets—one sees behind the scenes. Although many of the terms are technical the language is easily understood. In so vital a concern as one's health and life, why should one trust blindly to the very human judgment of another being, oftentimes a stranger? I believe that if physicians would take their patients more into their confidence and secure their co-operation instead of by inference pretending to perform miracles, the physicians' work would become alike less onerous and more successful.

The one ray of comfort lies in Dr. Hollopeter's assertion that hay fever can be prevented by removing the stigma of neurotic inheritance and anatomical defects, and by the rooting out of ragweed and like pests.

As I write a tickling in the palate and a tightness of the throat convince me that I am an incipient sufferer of the dread disease. I shall reread and study the chapter on treatment and then insist that my physician administer it to me according to directions.

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THE BRITISH NAVY AT WAR by W. MacNeile Dixon. New York: Houghton-Mifflin; 75c.

An account of the British navy activities in the present war, including the Jutland sea battle. The author is professor in the university of Glasgow and was given every facility for gathering the information. Illustrated with photographs, maps and charts.

THE WHISTLING MOTHER by Grace S. Richmond. New York: Doubleday-Page; 50c.

A short story about a mother whose son came home to say goodbye before he went to war. Frontispiece.

BOHEMIA UNDER HAPSBURG MISRULE edited by Thomas Capek. New York and London: Fleming H. Revell Co.

A study of the ideals and aspirations of the Bohemian and Slovak peoples as they relate to and are affected by the European war, looking to the autonomy of Bohemia.

CHRISTINE by Alice Cholmondeley. New York: MacMillan; \$1.25.

A novel staged in Berlin during the early days of the war, being a series of letters from an English girl to her mother.

MARTIE THE UNCONQUERED by Kathleen Norris. New York: Doubleday-Page; \$1.35.

A tragedy of youth which ends in the victory of maturity. Written with Mrs. Norris' usual force. Illustrated.

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## An Instance of Manufacturing Growth

A St. Louis concern which has grown with such rapidity in the last few years that few realize the importance it has achieved is the Campbell Glass & Paint Co., whose factory and home offices are located at Main and Gratiot streets. This plant consists of two big new five-story buildings, being one of the most complete and modernly equipped paint factories in the country. The machinery is of the latest improved type. In the laboratory the materials entering into the manufacture of paints and varnishes are scientifically blended, with the result that the output is far superior to that produced by the older methods.

The Campbell company is a far bigger concern than appears on the St. Louis surface. It has important establishments at Kansas City, Dallas and Memphis. There is likewise a St. Louis branch at 816 North Seventh street—

selling headquarters for the St. Louis territory, which embraces the states of Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Missouri and Iowa. One of the advantages of this large plant to the St. Louis dealer is that he is saved the investment of any considerable capital through being able to draw upon the factory as needs require.

In 1915 the sales of this company were \$656,385.82; in 1916 the sales were \$1,636,889.61, showing an increase of 149½ per cent within a year. Nor is this growth mere war prosperity, since the war which has so enormously boosted some lines of business may be said to have had the reverse effect on the paint trade. It has greatly increased the cost of the raw materials that enter into the manufacture of paint, and because of a like advance in the cost of construction material, building operations have been slowed down. The causes of this extraordinary success are to be found in the new application of old principles subsisting in fundamentals that are as old as the teachings of the Nazarene. One of these fundamentals is service—often regarded in the business world of a former generation as altruistic or even fantastic. To get the money is not enough. The thing is to keep on getting it and the only way to do this is to use all human means to satisfy the customer. To give service, absolute honesty is an essential. Error or a deficiency in quality might damage the customer, but the Campbell company assumes that a far greater damage would fall upon it; hence it takes the greatest pains to make all paints just as good as it knows how and to always represent them for exactly what they are. The establishment of service stations in various parts of the city is an illustration of the company's general service policy. These are under a manager who with his assistants is ready to render any possible aid to the paint user whether he be professional or amateur. Economy, industry and a receptivity to new ideas may be said to be the other elements of the firm's growth and success.

The company was established in 1879 by the late Charles Campbell. It took a new impetus five years ago when Mr.





## Hot Weather Notice

Good news for the thirsty! Here's a beverage that not only will taste good while you are drinking it, but that will leave the mouth tasting as fresh as a May morning. One, too, that has that very desirable quality of having no heat- after-effects.

As a between-meals drink it has the happy faculty of always reaching that dry spot that needs irrigation. With meals, it is an ideal beverage. Not only does its flavor make it go perfectly with food, but its tang adds zest to your enjoyment of a meal—hot or cold.

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CARDINALS vs. NEW YORK  
AUGUST 10, 11, 12, 13

### Program Forest Park Highlands, Week of Aug. 5th

FRANCES & NORD  
Novelty Singers and Dancers in  
"A Vaudeville Surprise"

VALAND GAMBLE  
The Human Comptometer  
MAXMILIAN'S EDUCATED  
CANINE PUPILS

ARTHUR SILBER & EVA NORTH  
Present "Bashfoolery"  
A Chatologic Comedy Skit,  
with Song

JONIA, THE PEARL OF HAWAII  
& HER HAWAIIANS  
Native Dancers and Musicians

J. P. Thomy, generally known in local circles as a generous patron of music and a pianist of merit, entered the firm. He is now vice-president and general manager, and the best evidence of his able direction lies in that his company's sales have practically quadrupled in the past two years.

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### The Grand Re-opens

Manager Harry Wallace announces the opening of the Grand Opera House for next Monday, August 13. The beautiful Market street theater will emerge from the hands of the small army of artisans who have spent the better part of the summer in renovating and re-decorating it. The Six Colonial Belles have been selected as the headline offering of the season's opening bill. This number is a high-class musical offering descriptive of colonial days and shows the quaint costuming of those times. Douglas A. Flint and company will present a fine comedy sketch called "The Merchant Prince." Other entertaining features will be the Three Kanes, in "Striking a Balance;" Frish, Howard and Toolin, the harmony boys; the Littlejohns, the original diamond jugglers; Dave Manley in "Running for Office;" Eiler's novelty; Ywaxy, the vagabond violinist; the latest Keystone comedies, and the Universal animated weekly, depicting recent happenings throughout the world.

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Two sentimental college youths were discussing the quality of girl they would choose as life companion. The more sentimental of the two asked: "Which kind of girl do you prefer, the one who can walk and walk and walk without ever having to stop and rest, or the girl who has to stop every now and then in a shady place by the roadside?" "I like the girl," said the more conservative youth, "who can walk and walk and walk without ever having to stop and rest, but who prefers to pause by the wayside every now and then."—Argonaut.

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One of the biggest advertisers in Detroit had announced his intention to give large cash prizes for the best home gardens, as his contribution to the food conservation campaign. A reporter was detailed to interview him and work in the proper line of credit for his patriotic spirit. "I think we all should do what we can in this crisis," said the advertiser. "Your patriotic attitude does you honor," said the reporter. "And besides," said the advertiser, "if people grow their own stuff to eat they will have more money to spend in other departments."

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Knicker—Germany has a government regulation of food.

Bocker—After that will come food regulation of government.—New York Sun.

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"The doctor said he'd have me on my feet in two weeks." "Well, did he?" "He sure did! I had to sell my car to pay his bill."—Puck.

\*\*\*

When passing behind a street car, look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.



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